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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1900.

NO. 12

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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IS RELIGION DECLINING?

IN view of the widespread interest in the work of the Ecumenical Conference, the discussion of the proposed changes in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, the agitation of the question of relaxing some of the severities of the Methodist discipline, and minor stir and flutter

in other sects, there is a timeliness about the casual essay in Number Eight of *The Mirror Pamphlets* that should appeal to those who are interested in the broad general question of religion. This essay, entitled "IN HIS STEPS," is a consideration, from a worldly viewpoint, of the claim that religion is declining. It is a simple and frank statement of the manner in which the question is answered by the observation of one writing from no sectarian bias. The conclusion from such matter-of-fact consideration of the subject is one that cannot dishearten the orthodox. The pamphlet, "IN HIS STEPS," is not controversial in character. It has nothing to do with the *odium theologicum*. It is only a statement of what a looker-on at the spectacle of life conceives to be the status of religious thought and feeling at this time. The *Mirror Pamphlets* are sold at 5 cents per copy.

ADMIRAL DEWEY.

HIS STATUS IN THE PUBLIC MIND.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY will reach St. Louis this evening, and for two days the people of this city will do him such honor as they can. There is no doubt that the people are interested in Dewey, but neither is there any doubt that their interest is of a lower quality than would have been manifested a year ago. The popular interest at the present time is an interest of curiosity. It is very much to be doubted that the sailor is as broadly grounded in popular affection as he was six, or even three, months ago. We hear no more of comparisons with Nelson and Farragut. We note that the people regard him simply as a man who did his duty. There is no instance anywhere that Dewey is a great naval genius. It has been decided in a court of claims that the fleet he destroyed in Manila Bay was inferior to his own. The feeling of the public is that Dewey is far from being the all-around great man that feverish eulogists would have had us believe a short time ago. Not to put the matter offensively, but simply to state a truth, there has been borne in upon the public consciousness a conviction that the Admiral has succumbed to the one thing against which a really great man is expected to be proof—flattery. The interviews of the Admiral upon politics can be characterized by but one word—silly. The episode of his marriage and the transfer of the house presented by enthusiastic citizens are remembered, not exactly to his discredit, but with a faint suspicion that he is amenable to some influences of a trifling sort to which a great master of men would not have been responsive. There is no use in resorting to euphemism on this subject, however. The plain fact is, that the public attributes most, if not all, of the Admiral's decline in prestige to the projection of the petticoat into his career. And there would have been a much more genial toleration of this suggestion about the man but for the evidence that the petticoat was an adjunct to the utilization of him for the ends of politicians not of the highest type of the species. The Admiral has been used as a supposititious candidate for President, not by men seriously desirous of doing him honor, or honestly convinced that his qualities would best serve the people in the White House, but by men who, on the one hand, wished to injure Mr. Bryan, or, on the other hand, to injure Mr. McKinley. If the men who were instrumental in launching the Dewey boom when it was launched, had done so a year before, they might have made him President. But that was not their idea. They want to manipulate the Admiral so as to command concessions for themselves. In so far as the Admiral has lent himself to the projects of men like McLean and Gorman, to exactly that extent he has demonstrated his unfitness for the post for which he has been mentioned, and to which he has been

induced to aspire. A man who might be influenced by such men would be a great failure as President, and might suffer as much in reputation, in the event of his election, as did Grant through his mistaken belief in the integrity of those who attached themselves to his fame. In the matter of his signing the report of the Philippine Commission without having read it, we find an exhibition of carelessness and a lack of seriousness in character which are almost appalling. The general credence given to the tale that the Admiral decided to come out for President because he could not obtain the \$10,000 salary allowed the civilian commissioners shows how he has fallen in popular estimation. The people, however, are disposed to believe that Admiral Dewey has erred through his inexperience of life among politicians. The naval habit of mind is not suited to life ashore. Admiral Dewey on board his flagship was in his element. He knew the ropes. No one could tell him what to do. He was master of his trade. But that trade bound him in certain formulae and necessarily narrowed him. The naval officer is a being beautiful to look upon, but he lives at the end of a short tether and is not prone to take steady or strong interest in affairs beyond his immediate jurisdiction. He is also above and beyond advice or suggestion, and, as a consequence, is deficient in worldly wisdom. There is no politics aboard ship. It is, therefore, not to be expected that "an elderly naval man" would be a success in entering upon a political career, in which there is constant demand for careful consideration of details, as distinct from the necessity of ordering things done by people who have no recourse but to do them. The people, therefore, have only lost regard for the Admiral in so far as he has become, or is supposed to have become, a politician. They do not discredit the victory at Manila, even on the basis of Dewey having had the larger fleet. They feel that the Admiral did his work well in every particular. They honor him as an Admiral, but they are sorry for him as a sort of "Jack ashore" whose unsophistication has been taken advantage of by designing persons for their own exaltation, at his expense. No one will deny that Dewey deserves honor, but anyone acquainted with public opinion must say that he would receive more honor at our hands if he had maintained the reserve of speech that characterized him on board the *Olympia*. We may consider, too, that if there be less of veneration for the Admiral than there was some time ago, it does not follow that the attitude of the popular mind towards him is unfriendly. There is something in the discovery of a prominent man's foibles, that is calculated rather to endear a man to the crowd than to make him disliked. Admiral Dewey's failings or limitations are of a kind that go with a very human disposition, and, as such, are not deserving of such treatment as has been accorded them recently in the two great comic papers. It is much more probable that Admiral Dewey's position before the public is due to the bad taste and the self-seeking of others, than to any inherent vanity of his own. He deserves a certain amount of sympathy, under the circumstances. And then, too, the people may well be thankful that his limitations of judgment were disclosed as they have been; that he was not "sprung" as a Presidential candidate when circumstances might have combined to nominate him. We can afford to be tolerant of his weaknesses, as latterly revealed to us, and there is no danger that we shall forget his strength, dignity, restraint, while he held sway in the Philippines. We need not consider him as a politician—for he is not one, and the fact is to his credit, generally speaking. Let us think of him only as the Admiral, the man who won a great victory and bore himself modestly under his laurels until he came under the blighting influence of yellow journalism and yellower politics.

Little.

IF I WERE MR. BRYAN.

BY W. M. R.

IT seems to me that all the advice being given Mr. Bryan's friends as to this year's Democratic platform is thrown away. I mean, of course, advice in the direction of modifying the platform so suit the tastes of the men who bolted in 1896. This advice, a sincere man on the Bryan side may well and soundly argue, is based upon an assumption that Bryanites may justly resent. The assumption is, that the chief aim of the party is to win; that all the principles should be sacrificed for the offices. I cannot see how any true Bryanite could compromise with his conscience by submitting, for the sake of success, to the elision of one jot or tittle of the pronunciamento sent forth at Chicago two months less than four years ago. If I were a Bryanite I should maintain that it was the proper policy to make the next platform more, not less, radical.

If the Bryan theory of things is right, then the right thing to do is to nominate Mr. Bryan upon a platform declaring out-and-out for the whole programme of State Socialism. If the Bryan contention be correct, then every man who is not for it in all its phases and bearings must of necessity be against it, and it were treason to listen to any one who suggests the expediency of postponing the programme for the sake of the offices. If the whole social system at present is wrong, if not only something but everything is rotten in the State of Denmark, the part of wisdom is to declare against everything in the most sweeping fashion, and make the issue plain between the new reformers and the old parties that differ in name but unite to maintain the present social and economic conditions. Every man who counsels caution in platform-framing, who advocates a course calculated not to alarm the great interests, who points out the fact that the Democrats cannot win if they do anything to startle business, is a man who does not believe in Bryanism, how much soever he may proclaim the contrary. It is just to cut in between the friends of the established order that Bryanism exists. It maintains that the old parties were in only mimic conflict as to principle. Both were playing into the hands of wealth and power. Both, professing friendship for the people, were against the people and for themselves. Bryanism arose professedly to pull Democracy out of the infamous compact concealed behind a pretended conflict.

Those Democrats who wish to prevent Bryanism insisting further upon the withdrawal of Democracy from alliance with "the money power," are not Democrats, as a true Bryanite understands party distinctions. Whoso speaks of moderation is suspected. In nine cases out of ten investigation would show that he shouted for the ticket in 1896 to keep in line with the succession to the offices, but voted for McKinley on election day. The men who voted against Mr. Bryan in 1896 will never vote for him, no matter how the platform may be modified, or if they do vote for him will do so only to stay in line for the sake of some future chance to strike at him and his principles. No man who sincerely wishes well to Mr. Bryan and his policies advises him to change those policies. For Mr. Bryan to make an effort to please such men would be supreme folly. It would be equivalent to throwing overboard his own followers for the friendship of the supporters of the conditions, systems, institutions to which he is opposed. Mr. Bryan must stand or fall by the declaration that the country can only be saved by a political revolution. All the people who do not like his principles are supporters, as he sees them, of the prevailing iniquities. His only consistent attitude is to call upon the opposition to those iniquities to rally around the man who offers the most radical and drastic proposals of reform.

Bryanism must be radical or nothing. Preaching conservatism to Bryanites is preposterous. Conservatism is the very thing against which Bryanism is directed. Therefore, to be eminently logical, Mr. Bryan and his friends should strive to get as much and as many kinds of radicalism into their platform as possible. From their standpoint

the main thing is to force all the conservatives together, and by so doing consolidate the radicals. Their best hope lies in making the issue plain, that what they want is something which, for want of a better, more thoroughly descriptive name, we call Socialism.

A modified platform will lose the Bryanites more votes than they can gain by any possible modification of their principles. Inasmuch as Mr. Bryan himself is largely the platform, the men who opposed him four years ago will not vote for him on any declaration that may be patched up for expediency. Mr. Bryan's radical views have not driven more people away from him than departed when he made his great Chicago speech. The more radical he grows the more radicals he will draw towards him. And the slightest weakening of his attitude, it must be repeated, will alienate radicals without winning conservatives. Mr. Bryan cannot afford any dalliance with "the money power" or its representatives. Mr. Bryan cannot afford to listen to the politicians and accede to their plans, after opposing all their plans as devices for stalling off the reforms he advocates. Temporizing means collapse for Mr. Bryan. It means the loss of the affection and faith of his adherents during the past four years. Those who advise him to straddle issues to get the offices advise him to commit political suicide. Mr. Bryan must feel, as an honest man, that it would be better to lose without striking his colors than to win by the aid of the men and forces who ask him to subordinate his principles to the end of "getting there." Mr. Bryan must know that he cannot win by deserting his own doctrines; that the people would not vote for a man who thus declared that he made the race solely and simply because he wanted to be President.

If Mr. Bryan's ideas were right in 1896, they are an hundred fold more right to-day. Their expression should be sharpened, not softened. The next National Democratic platform should be more Bryanite than the last. It should throw off all disguise of its revolutionary purposes, rather than put on false pretense of conservatism. This is not only logical but practical. It is the only way Mr. Bryan's party can win. And every "gold bug" Democrat, who knows anything, knows that in advising a modified platform the intent is not to help the election of Mr. Bryan, but to readjust the party on old lines and go to defeat for the purpose of eliminating Mr. Bryan.

If I were Mr. Bryan, instead of caring for the votes of those who advise moderation—and who would not vote for me, however moderate—I would, rather than temporize and tiptoe on the issues of 1896, go to the full length of the Chicago platform, and even out-Altgeld Altgeld in the assertion of the most extreme proletarianism.

Talk of "new issues!" The new issues have made no votes for Mr. Bryan. The men opposed to the Administration, in its own party, are opposed to Mr. Bryan on the old issues, or any issue. The free traders opposed to colonial tariffs, are opposed to the protective principle in free silver. The most eminent anti-imperialists are opposed to the Debs plank in the Chicago platform. The Mugwump Republicans opposed to Mr. McKinley's policy are not for the anti-life-tenure-of-office plank in the Chicago platform. All the new opposition to Republicanism is even more intensely opposed to Bryanism, and however the platform might ignore the issues of four years ago, and take up the new issues, Mr. Bryan would not be changed. Mr. Bryan would still be Bryanism, and objectionable to those whose support is expected by the advisers of a shifty platform.

If I were Mr. Bryan, I would be Mr. Bryan, to the uttermost limit of my past declarations.

There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Bryan will be anything else. He has never yet deviated from his purpose, formed in early youth, to be just what he is to day. He has never made a mistake in pursuit of his policy, of concentrating upon himself the sentiment which now he practically incarnates. He set out to be what he is, and he has never faltered for a moment. He has suppressed his foibles, devoted himself to the design of embodying social and economic revolt, put aside all pleasant temp-

tations that might have distracted his youth, regarded himself as self-consecrated to a cause, wrought out his place as originally conceived, attained supremacy in his revolutionized party, captured the popular imagination—and all this by a method as absolutely cold, calculated, bloodless, correct as it has been consistent. Mr. Bryan is no "accident."

What fools are they who dream that he will veer from his course, as laid out years ago, of making himself the champion of discontent, until the end! He cannot be otherwise. His future is conditioned by his past. He must go his gait. He has not attained to where he is by steadily advancing radicalism only to belie it all. Mr. Bryan cannot even pause, much less go backward. He has made an issue that must grow more sharply, harshly defined every year, or it must die altogether. Mr. Bryan is not prepared for political death. There is no way in which he can qualify his position, as to the need of the things he has advocated. There is no other man his party can nominate. The party must accede to the necessities of his situation. And it must do so under a very strong conviction that, in doing so, it deliberately throws away an opportunity created by its opponents. But Mr. Bryan is not concerned with party opportunity. He is concerned only with Mr. Bryan's consistency. He cannot win by surrendering his consistency, but he can, and will, compel his party into unwilling servility to the Bryan idea. The Bryan idea will not be modified, until Mr. Bryan is again beaten for President. Then, there is the other chance!

REFLECTIONS.

The Scare Over Germany

SOME people seem bent upon making us a Nation of Teutophobes. There is a steady fanning of a small spark of hostility to the Germans. It began over the supposedly hostile attitude of Admiral von Diederichs, at Manila, and now, two years later, we are told that it is with Germany we may have, in the language of War Secretary Root, to fight for the Monroe Doctrine. It is said that German influence grows stronger in Brazil, Argentina, Chili, Peru, and other South American countries, through the steady stream of German emigration in that direction. It is hinted that Germany has been dicker for the Danish West Indies while our deal with Denmark has been pending. It is insinuated that Germany plans deliberately to affront us in enacting odious restrictions upon American corporations doing business in the empire, and in putting an obstruction in the way of admitting American pork, apples, and manufactures into the German states, to say nothing of orders excluding United States consuls from membership in German Boards of Trade, and from access to information concerning German manufactures. The German Emperor is said to be urging the Sultan to make trouble for us in the Philippine island of Sulu in retaliation against our demand for compensation for the destruction of the property of American missionaries in China. Indeed, were one to go fully into all the allegations of German hostility to the United States, the result might be an indictment which would convince superficial thinkers that Germany is our deadliest foe. But Americans must not be deceived by the anti-German ravings of some of the dispatches. All this talk of German hostility to this country comes from England. All the dispatches showing up German machinations are "chestnuts" to readers of the heavier English weeklies. The dispatches are simply rewritten editorials from the English press, and the papers containing the editorials are often on the desk of the editor of the MIRROR, in St. Louis, long before the special dispatches or cablegrams appear in the dailies. The dispatches do not even come from London. They are concocted in New York or Washington. English hostility to Germany is natural. Germany has invaded all England's markets. "Made in Germany" is the trade mark that has supplanted the insignia of the manufacturers of Sheffield and Birmingham in the marts of the world. It has, also, it may be said,

made its appearance in this country. England feels that it needs the support of this Nation, and in order to get such support starts the stories that Germany is our greatest enemy. Now that the United States is beginning "to care for abroad" we find the Germans in the markets we are newly finding. But they are not there in especial hostility to us. They are there in competition with England, and they are stronger than the English. Naturally our goods come into competition with German goods. But this doesn't mean necessarily a racial war. It is only trade-rivalry, which is a much less serious thing. As for German exclusion of our products from the German empire, what of it? It is only protection brought home to us protectionists. It is "sauce for the gander." German colonization in South America means only German markets. It is not Germany's fault if our statesmen and business men have neglected the great South American commercial fields. There is no evidence that Germany wants South American territory. It wants markets. It makes them. Germany has lately been surpassing England in trade expansion and England, not being able to compete, for one reason or another, raises the cry that the United States had better beware of German policy. This puts England in the attitude of great friendship for us. But it is only an attitudinizing after all. In truth, the English want the United States to pull the British chestnuts out of the fire. They want to convince us that the fight of England is our fight, that it is our interest to hate Germany because England is our friend, that we should unite with England to help combat German competition. The struggle between England and Germany is none of our business. We have not the slightest proof that Germany is our enemy. We have only England's word that England prevented a coalition of Europe against us in 1898. We know that many German-Americans are anti-imperialists, but that signifies nothing as to German hostility to American interests. The men like Dr. Emil Pretorius and Carl Schurz, who oppose imperialism, do so as Americans, not as Germans. And opposition to Mr. McKinley's policy is not treason. Nor can Administration papers make it so. The effort to discredit the German American anti-imperialists, by suggesting that their inspiration comes from Germany, is simply Know-Nothingism. Men like Dr. Pretorius, of the *Westliche Post*, or Mr. Schurz, are better Americans than nine out of ten of the men who denounce them. The anti-German "scare" is simply a combination of English business hostility with Administration politics. We are no more at war with Germany than with Russia. Germany may be contesting markets with us. The thing to do, in that event, is to undersell Germany and at the same time excel in the quality of goods. If we cannot do that we deserve to lose our markets, and perhaps the Administration statesmen will give us more "protection" to enable the manufacturers to make off the American people the profits that would have been made on foreign trade. Germany is all right. It is doing nothing but attending to its own business.

Concerning the Book Trade

THE world of book-lovers will be pleased to know that the honored house of Appleton has come through its financial difficulties, which were much more imaginary than real, and is now in charge of its affairs once more, determined to make up for lost time, and prepared to demonstrate its progressiveness along the same high lines as of old. It may be added, too, that the reorganization of Harper & Brothers progresses rapidly, and the concern's affairs are taking shape under new control, looking to the perpetuation of the famous name upon worthy literature for many years to come. This leads me to remark that it is time the publishers should look after the publishing interest. It seems to me that the bookseller is becoming extinct. The big department store is taking the bookselling business. What will be the result? That the department stores will control the book trade and the publishing business. The publishing houses have been supported by the booksellers. That is, booksellers all over the country took all the books published. The booksellers tried to sell all the books. There

were enough of them trying to sell the books to prevent the publisher losing money on an edition. The bookseller was always getting rid of books that were, so to speak, left over. But, lately, the bookseller is getting the worst of it. He takes the books of the publishers as they come, the good and the bad, the "sellers" and the "dead ones." A book makes a hit. Forthwith the department stores buy the books by the crate and sell them lower than the cost price to the bookseller. The bookseller can't sell the popular book at a profit, and he can't sell the dead ones, and there is nothing for him to do but prepare to get out of business. The department stores run the sales of one book up into the hundreds of thousands—after the legitimate booksellers have pushed the book into favor. The bookseller gets not even a chance to sell a work after he has made a market for it. As soon as a book is a hit the department stores monopolize it. This is what is making the bookseller extinct. But it's going to react on the publisher. When the bookseller is out of business, who is going to take the steady run of books turned out by the publishing houses? Not the department stores. They want nothing that isn't the rage. They don't want more than one book at a time, to use as a leader, or as bait for bargain-beasts. At the best they don't want more than one book from one publishing house. And they don't want that, until they're sure there's to be an enormous demand for it. They won't have any heavy stuff to lie upon their shelves and gather dust. They will want the publishers to boom the books before they take them up. They will make the terms to the publishers, and the terms will not leave much profit to the publisher. It will be useless to publish anything but the lightest literature, and but little of that, for the department store pushes one book to the injury of the sales of all others. At present the publishers make a little on all their books, or they did until the department store came into the book field. If present conditions prevail, the publishing houses will issue about one book a season, and we shall find the department stores gobbling up editions and playing them one against another, as "David Harum" at 92 cents is played against "Richard Carvel" at \$1.10, as "Janice Meredith" is boomed in opposition to "When Knighthood was in Flower," and as "To Have and to Hold," is now being pushed against them all. Soon publishers will not think of an edition of less than 250,000, and then they will have to dispose of the books at ruinous prices. There will be no sale for books that are good, but not popular, for the bookseller will be driven out of business. Department bargain stores will boss the publishers, or take to publishing themselves. The best publishers should try to do something to prevent the drift of the book trade into bargain-counter channels. If they will not do this for the sake of preventing the debasement of literature, perhaps they will do it to protect their own interests and even their existence.

Webster Davis

MR. WEBSTER DAVIS' announcement of his retirement from politics, may have deep significance in Missouri politics. It may mean that Mr. Davis has pulled away from Republican National Committeeman Kerens, and aligned himself with Mr. Chauncey Ives Filley. Mr. Filley has done some fine work in Missouri lately, and there are indications that he has almost secured enough of his old strength to defeat Mr. Kerens. Mr. Davis is a man who wants to be in the band-wagon, and his resignation of the Assistant Secretaryship of the Interior, to plead the cause of the Boers, to the confusion of the Administration, may be a play for a place in Mr. Filley's new organization, just as he jumped from Mr. Filley to Mr. Kerens, four years ago. It is likely that Mr. Kerens will soon lose his interest in Missouri affairs, for reasons not pertinent to politics, and many of his followers, foreseeing this, are getting ready to make terms with Mr. Filley. But it is folly to assert that Mr. Davis has deliberately embarrassed Mr. Kerens with the Administration, by declaring for the Boers, when Mr. Kerens' wife gave \$500 to the Boer cause, and when Mr. Kerens himself is a physical force Irishman. Mr. Kerens has done about all he can for the Missouri mob of

place-hunters. They know it. Therefore, they are ready to pass him up. If there should develop any opportunity to do up Mr. Kerens there are men, now under obligation to him, who are ready to do it. It is at least a softening thought that the tendency to desert him coincides with his own weariness of the strife, and with the circumstance that soon all his children will be married and living elsewhere than in Missouri, and his business ties will draw him to other communities. I look for the passing of Mr. Kerens very soon, though he may, possibly, give his hereditary enemy, Mr. Filley, one more battle. If he elects for battle, he had better beware of some of those now in his confidence.

A Neutral Canal

DEMOCRATS in Congress are insisting that the Nicaragua canal shall be an American canal. There is but one way to make it so, by annexing the lands through which the ditch is to be digged. No question then about our right to fortify the structure. But such annexation would be expansion, and Democrats are opposed to expansion. If Democrats favor peace they should favor a neutral canal. The claim that the canal is a menace to the United States, under the Hay-Pannecote treaty, is silly. This country guarantees the canal's neutrality. We have the force to make good our guarantee. Therefore the canal is ours. The Monroe Doctrine is not endangered by a neutral canal. Most of our politicians exalt English over American gumption, in discussing diplomatic dealings with England. Our rampant jingoes seem not so much to suspect and hate as to fear England. Briton-baiting in Congress looks like cowardice. Continued much longer it will earn us the smiling contempt of the world. At present England can get us to do what she wishes by professing to desire the opposite.

A Great Railway Reform.

WITHIN three months there will go into effect a railroad arrangement which will be especially satisfactory to those St. Louisans who maintain that the bridge tariff here operates to the disadvantage of this city. This arrangement looks to the abolition of the bridge toll upon passengers, entering or leaving this city from, or to, the East. The railroads are trying to perfect and have, in fact, almost perfected an understanding with the corporation controlling the bridge and the tunnel whereby the passenger coaches of the roads will be carried over the bridge upon an agreed sum per coach, regardless of the number of passengers therein. Passenger coaches will be carried on the bridge on the same basis as express cars. If express packages are not charged for the bridge transportation, there is no reason why the human consignments in passenger cars should be charged. The railroads have found the bridge toll an annoyance. The mere fact that there has to be a bridge coupon on every ticket sold into, and out of, St. Louis, and that these coupons have to be accounted for and recorded, entails a lot of work upon the roads, and the removal of the toll will result in a saving in printing and clerical hire. The bridge company will save the cost of the services of collectors on the various trains. The roads will pay the charges on each car, under the new arrangement, and passengers will not be annoyed by the ticket collectors when they are settling down at the beginning of a journey or are getting ready to disembark at the end of one. The removal of the toll will remove a feature of travel to and from St. Louis that causes an immense deal of grumbling, for it is a fact that the man buying a ticket between St. Louis and any other point does more kicking about the sum paid to cross the bridges than over the cost of all the rest of his ticket. People who travel on passes grumble at the bridge tariff, even though they have come or are going hundreds of miles at no expense at all. So great has been the popular discontent over the bridge tolls that the fact of its assessment has been found to be, with some people, a basis of objection to the holding of a World's Fair here. The prospect of having a World's Fair, or rather the certainty that we shall have one, has

been a prime factor in inducing the railroads using the bridges to endeavor to find a way to take the burden of the toll off the passenger and assume it themselves. It will not be a great amount, divided among all the roads sending passengers over the bridge and it may induce more travel. It will at least put an end to the unfavorable comment of the traveling public upon the fact that St. Louis is a suburb of East St. Louis. The plan of dividing the cost of the transportation of passengers over the bridge among the railroads is necessarily an intricate one, and for that reason the time at which the new arrangement will go into effect is placed about three months hence. It is needless to say that this innovation will be followed, almost of necessity, by one looking to the abolition of the bridge toll on freight shipments, to and from the East. The roads want to do everything they can in order to make the World's Fair a success, and it will be a good thing if the so-called bridge arbitrary can be removed for the benefit of the people who are to furnish the materials to build the World's Fair structures and those who are to exhibit their manufactures or other products here. The World's Fair will cause passenger and freight traffic at St. Louis to boom during the next three years. Everything is to be done that can be done to make the entrance of people and freight to this city as little annoying and expensive as possible. The railroads are interested in making their St. Louis business attain an enormous volume and they can promote patronage by removing obstacles. By making a little less on each passenger and freight shipment, or dividing the small profit with the bridge company, the railroads will recoup themselves by carrying more passengers and freight. The arrangements to be inaugurated for the World's Fair will hardly be changed after that event shall have passed. Of course, the transportation across the bridge will have to be paid for. The bridge company is not running a bridge for its health. But the railroads using the bridge will do the paying, dividing it up among themselves so that the proportion of each will be small, and depending upon increased traffic for reimbursement.



The World's Fair

WE are going to have the World's Fair. We must have it. No good citizen of St. Louis should withhold his support. The only ground of opposition to the movement has been that the reaction after the Fair would hurt the city. That is bosh. The reaction will hurt no one but the gamblers who may overplay themselves. We know when and why Chicago suffered in reaction. Knowing this we may avoid a like result of our enterprise. Besides, the Chicago Fair came in a panic period. We can build a Fair as fine as Chicago's, forty per cent cheaper. We can construct it in less time, with the advantage of Chicago's experience. St. Louis needs the Fair as an advertisement that the city is alive. St. Louis needs to be known to the world at large. It is not so known now. The American in Europe never hears of St. Louis once where he hears of towns like Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco a dozen times. And for that matter St. Louis is not known in this country, as it should be. The expenditure of \$15,000,000 will be an investment in effective advertising. Furthermore it will wake up the city itself. It will bring many new people here, not for the period of the Fair, but for two years preceding the Fair. Some people will make money out of the Fair. Very well. That's what it's for. Let us hope that we shall all make some money out of it, according as we deserve it by our increased effort. There is not one legitimate, not one sane argument against the World's Fair proposition. There is nothing against the Fair but a fossilized conservatism, a niggardliness of the local newly rich, a petty jealousy of some of the principal promoters, a narrow prejudice against taking a small chance on an investment, and a despicable disinclination to hustle. Every man of wealth in the city should proceed at once to get his name on the roll of World's Fair subscribers. Every institution with large capital should contribute to an enterprise that will increase its business many fold. Here and now is the opportunity to make St. Louis known to the world as a great city, with generous, cultured, energetic, patriotic citizens in

abundance. Here and now is the chance to show ourselves everything that we think we are. The Fair, of course, can be made a success in spite of the lukewarmness or coldness of certain powerful interests. But it can be made a greater success with the co-operation of those interests. Everybody should come in. There is abundant chance for distinction for those who may have felt they were not likely to obtain a share of the glory. There is a chance for everyone to do something for St. Louis and for himself. The pullbacks should get in line, move forward, join the band. And when they do, those who have carried the enterprise to its present stage will pledge themselves never to mention the fact that the late-comers were backward in coming forward.



For Vice-President

WHAT a terrible pother over the selection of Vice-Presidential candidates on both sides of the political fence! Vice-Presidents don't seem to amount to much, anyhow. Why not put up men who may be amusing, if nothing else, in contrast with the seriousness of Messrs. Bryan and McKinley. How would "Harry" Lehr do as a running mate for Mr. McKinley? His name would electrify the 400. His picture in *danseuse* costume would be unique. Maybe John W. Gates would run. What's the matter with recalling Hobson, the kisser? Wouldn't Potato Pingree be a sort of man-with-the-hoe candidate to run with Mr. Bryan? And for a farmer's friend, what's the matter with Joe Leiter, who boosted wheat so altruistically that he went nearly two millions to the bad? Strange that no one has thought of Elbert Hubbard as a possibility. The mere fact that so many people think him and his theories "impossible" would give piquancy to the canvass. That young man Clark, of Pittsburg, who was the hero of the recent divorce proceeding, of the episode of the crushed violets, would make a good candidate to have fun with. Then there is Mayor Ziegenhein, of St. Louis, with his wierd hat and his strange speech. We mustn't forget "Messiah" Dowie, of Chicago, either. And why have not the readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* risen upon their hind legs and insisted upon the nomination of Edward W. Bok, who is "perfectly lovely?" Republics, in truth, are ungrateful. This one has already forgotten Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst would make a good race, even if he paused to play leap-frog along the course. This country is full of men who have a certain interest for the public, with whom the public is familiar. Why should both parties be looking out for "unknowns" or trying to force men who don't want the Vice-Presidency to take it? What the people want are candidates for the Vice-Presidents who will "lighten up the gloom" of politics. We want secondary candidates upon whom our lightsome fancies can play gaily. It may be urged that this would make the place ridiculous. But could anything make the position of less esteem than the present course of asking men, who take themselves seriously, to take the office, only to obtain declinations. If anything could bring the position into disrepute it is plain that the continuous round of declinations would do so. At this writing the office is one that no first-class politician appears to want. Up to date there has been but one word of wisdom upon this subject—barring these few, brief, delirious remarks—and that was emitted by William J. Stone, of Missouri. Said he: "The man for Vice-President should be fit to be President. I am not like Roosevelt, who declined the nomination." Don't you see the delicacy of that? Gov. Stone intimates that he is fit to be President. But Gov. Stone is too modest at that. He is *nascitur non fit*. Perhaps Governor Stone is one of the men we are groping for. Let us not despair. "There are others," equally great.



The Lesson of the Floods

THAT early prejudice against water, in Texas, appears to have been justified of late. But just watch the Texans rise superior to the destructive floods. The deluged communities are not crying for help. They are "game." And the same observations apply to all the water-devastated South. The floods have convinced them that the floods

can be controlled. The Nation must take care of its rivers. The representatives in Congress, of the flooded sections, with the representatives of the States further north along the great streams that flow to the south, are strong enough to dominate Congress. They can force any amount of appropriation for the control of the rivers, and for the deflection of flood-waters into harmlessness. The floods should make the South, the West, and the Mississippi Valley States "solid" for the improvement of waterways, "solid" for the suppression of the destruction of forests, which largely causes the floods, "solid" for their common interests. The sections named have paid too much attention to politics, too little to the business necessities of their people. The floods will not have been wholly harmful if they impress this lesson upon the minds of the people affected recently by the raging of many waters.



The Constitution and the Colonies

DOES the Constitution apply to the "colonies?" That is the question with the lawyers. The essays upon the subject are numerous and heavy. Much reading on the question is apt to confuse the layman, but the issue is so important that no man capable of thinking should fail to consider it. A pamphlet entitled "Constitutional Aspects of the Government of Dependencies," by E. W. Huffcut, of Cornell University, sets forth the superiority of Congress to the Constitution, and does it with much show of logic. His brief is for the contention that the Constitution does not extend of its own force to territories or dependencies governed under laws enacted by the Congress. In other words, we may govern as we please, except that Congress cannot authorize slavery to exist anywhere. Only with regard to slavery does the Constitution, in the 13th amendment, look beyond the States of this Union, for it expressly declares that slavery shall not exist within the States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. Prof. Huffcut argues that the words United States mean the States united by and under the Constitution. Therefore, persons born in the dependencies, not belonging to the states united under and by the Constitution, while they may be citizens of the United States in an international sense, or may be made citizens for specified purposes by statute or treaty, are not such by force of any constitutional provision, and are subject, therefore, in all internal relations, to such laws as Congress may enact. There are some Supreme Court decisions that seem to go against this, but Prof. Huffcut seems convinced that Congress may determine what inhabitants of territories may be deemed citizens. The treaty-making power, in acquiring territory, may establish by treaty the status of the inhabitants of the territory, as to citizenship. This status has been established in all treaties of cession prior to that of Porto Rico and the Philippines, but whether the citizenship be established by status or treaty, the citizenship is legislative and not constitutional. Prof. Huffcut quotes Webster and John Marshall in support of the doctrine that Congress has power to establish courts in the territories, and to confer upon those courts such jurisdiction as it may deem proper. The courts of territories are not constitutional courts; they are not depositories of the judicial powers conferred by the Constitution on the general Government. Chief Justice Marshall is supported by Chief Justice Chase. "The judicial power of the United States" means the judicial power of the federal government as exercised within the territory comprising the States, and has no reference to judicial powers exercised in the territories. Territorial courts are subject to legislative limitations. If the courts in territories, outside the States, be created by Congress only, then Congress may regulate their procedure and, therefore, may abrogate trial by jury. As to taxes Prof. Huffcut maintains that there is no constitutional restriction upon the levying thereof in territories or dependencies. That is, the levying of taxes need not be uniform in method with that in the United States. The right of Congress to regulate the raising of revenue is the very first grant of power to Congress by the States. The Constitution says "all duties, imports and excises shall be uniform through-

out the United States." But the words United States means States taken into the Union, not territories or dependencies. As to militia, which the Constitution declares "necessary to the security of a free State," Prof. Huffcut points out that a territory is not a "free State," but is a dependency to be governed as Congress sees fit. Therefore, the Congress may restrict the right to bear arms in any territory or dependency. As to slavery, Mr. Huffcut declares that the Dred Scott decision, against the constitutionality of the act of Congress in prohibiting slavery in the territories, does not apply. The interpretation that the act of Congress in question applied only to territory in possession of the United States when the Constitution was adopted, and could not apply to new territory, afterward obtained from a foreign nation, is effete. The Dred Scott decision has no standing in law in the United States, anyhow. Prof. Huffcut's thesis concludes with the statement that "all dependencies, except the District of Columbia, are governed under the general power given to Congress 'to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States,' that this power is limited only by the provision prohibiting slavery within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction; that no decision of the Supreme Court holds that any other limit is placed upon the powers of Congress over the territories; and that such *dicta* as may be found to the contrary are either wholly discredited or resolve themselves into a mere statement of constitutional or political theory." All this is very strong, until one comes to think that it proves too much. Congress derives its power from the Constitution. The Constitution applies only to citizens of the States bound under and by the Constitution. How then can Congress govern the territories in which the Constitution does not apply? Congress has its warrant for action only in the Constitution. Congress therefore can only govern people to whom the Constitution applies. If the colonies are not part of the United States how can Congress govern them under the Constitution which applies to the United States. If the colonies are a part of the United States, then the Constitution must apply. Is the Constitution a dead letter in the territories? If Congress is greater than the Constitution, then, practically, we have no Constitution. Without pretending to dispute with great constitutional lawyers on such recondite matters, the editor of the MIRROR ventures to think that Prof. Huffcut's contention amounts to an annihilation of constitutional government. The whole question looks a good deal like the old query "which came first, the chicken or the egg?" but of what use is a Constitution if Congress may govern absolutely without regard therefor in some parts of the country's domain? If the Constitution govern Congress and Congress govern territory then the Constitution must govern the territory governed by Congress. It seems to me that this logic is irrefutable.

Uncle Fuller.

NEW YORK NOTE AND COMMENT.

(MIRROR Correspondence.)

Hill Redivivus

DAVID B. HILL is again in the saddle. This does not mean that he has regained his former strong hold on the masses, which he forfeited in great part by his failure to support Bryan in 1896. But the leadership of Hill in the coming campaign is none the less a fact of great import. He stands among the few great political organizers in the country. In this respect he is the superior of Platt and utterly outclasses Croker. It has been acutely observed of Hill that he is usually more successful in planning for others than for himself. His resumption of active leadership signifies that Bryan's second campaign will be made formidable even in the enemy's country. Moreover, at a time when political bossism is generally threatened and in peculiar disfavor, it should be noted to Hill's credit that he has always escaped unscathed from the darker scandals of politics. From one reproach, indeed, he has been uniquely free. The plague of venality,

which has breathed upon so many great reputations, has left Hill untouched. He has never had any use for "boodlers." His own hands are clean. After years of great office and unlimited opportunity, he is, according to the American standard, a poor man. During his two terms as Governor, franchises of immense value were granted by the Legislature of New York, and many members became suddenly rich. Governor Hill remained poor. A frugal, abstemious man, he cares little for money. Without kith or kin, his desire is for no more than will support the dignity of his station and character. But he cares very much for politics—cares as much as ever, though it would seem that the chief ambition of his life has been thwarted. And in politics, as was said of a great English statesman, he "can toil terribly." Mr. Hill is now ready to play the game as he never played it before. If the result shall bring victory to his party and shall be in any degree traceable to his efforts, the Nation at large will once more have to reckon with David Bennett Hill.

A Fighting Campaign

ONE thing is certain: there will be no important defection of New York Democrats, should Bryan be renominated and the Chicago platform reaffirmed. Both these results of the Kansas City convention are practically conceded. The Tammany crowd have no love for Bryan, but their fear of him is healthy and genuine. Besides, to be regular, with Tammany, is to be right, and Bryan's regularity is the straightest proposition before the party. Mr. Hill and his friends, after nearly four years of political isolation, have come around to the same idea. At once out of office and out of accord with their party, they have seen themselves discredited, while the defeated candidate of the party has seemed to grow in strength and popularity. A politician cannot afford to be ignored. It is pretty certain that the unswerving loyalty of the Democratic rank and file to Bryan, more than the putative subordination of the free silver heresy, has brought about Mr. Hill's change of front. To the former idol of the New York Democracy, it was discomforting to see the cakes and ale of popularity going all one way. Tammany's apology for its present acceptance of the candidate whom it bolted in 1896, is "the masses are with him." And then there is the comfortable assurance that 16 to 1 is practically out of commission, which enables the seceders of four years back to accommodate their consciences.

For these varied reasons the campaign of 1900 bids fair to overshadow that of 1896, both as to parity of forces and the greater number of issues involved. Here in New York it is possible to say, thus early, that if money be a factor in determining the result, it will not be, as was alleged four years ago, all on one side.

Dick Croker No. 2

RICHARD CROKER 21 illustrates in himself how easy it is to create and transmit an aristocratic tradition. The fact need not contravene the old belief that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. For an aristocratic is not necessarily the same as a gentlemanly tradition. Richard 21 is one of the great Croker's sons, those favored youths, to whom various companies make valuable gifts of stock, merely as a tribute to inherited virtue. Like his father, his mind runs much to horses and dogs. Unlike his father, it is not yet known, with certainty, whether his mind runs to anything else. The young man rejoices in a kennel which has more than once procured him the blue ribbon of the dog show. His father, not long ago, admitted that he had never read a book in his life. Young Richard's lack of literary taste is, therefore, purely congenital, and cannot be made a reproach to him. One trait of his father the boy possesses in an eminent degree, which may augur well for his future, and that is the bull-dog determination to hang on and never let go until he gets what he wants. Richard 21 has just come prominently before the New York public—to whom the doings of the Crokers have an almost royal interest—through his spirit in chartering a special train to carry him from Long Branch to this city, thus enabling him to pass a pleasant evening with a young lady at the former resort, and at the same time to make his steamer connections here on the morning following. The trip would have been somewhat costly for almost anybody but Croker's son. There was, however, something princely about it that

caught the public fancy. Every one said it was so like his father, only *he* would have chartered an Atlantic liner, if it had been necessary to his plan. Strange to say, young Croker's enterprise did not command universal approval, and even in Tammany Hall circles some voices condemned it. Vulgarly phrased, the opinion of these dissentients was that the old man had better look out for the cub, and that it was "this sort of thing which had landed us on the outs before."

Dollars and Degeneracy

THOSE who believe with Max Nordau, that our perfected civilization is tapering into degeneracy, find themselves confirmed in their gloomy philosophy by the increase of insanity among some of New York's oldest and richest families. It is alleged that in several of the proudest homes of New York a private asylum, with nurses and keepers, is maintained for a son or daughter, who had kept the pace that kills or leads to paresis. At one such house not long ago, the patient evaded the surveillance of his guards and, forcing his way into the reception room where many guests were assembled, threw the whole company into "most admired disorder." Sometimes this most dreaded of family skeletons is revealed in a less sensational manner, as when the son or daughter, believed to have been long absent in Europe, is, by an unlucky chance, encountered with his or her keepers, taking the air in Central Park. This latter incident is the more frequent. In the present hunt for foreign titles and decorations among the American unco rich, it seems the climax of irony that our aspiring aristocracy should have thus early naturalized in their envied circle that distinction so long established among the effete nobility of Europe—the order of the strait jacket.

Dewey in Decline

THE fickleness of republics is proverbial, but it would seem that no man of equal eminence has ever more thoroughly survived his day of popular favor than has Admiral George Dewey. From the moment of his self-announced candidacy Dewey's great fame has been the prey of every wind of fortune. Here in New York, which accorded to him the most splendidly dramatic reception that ever graced the return of a conquering hero, the change has been truly startling. A little while since the project of converting, by popular subscription, the beautiful and artistic, but perishable, Dewey Arch into a permanent memorial, has temporarily fallen to the ground. Dewey, the candidate, has wrought this amazing transformation. Dewey, the hero, who at a single blow shivered an empire's prestige and opened up a new era for his country, is, for the moment, forgotten or disesteemed. The subscriptions have ceased, or dribble in so pitifully as in a manner to signalize the popular change of heart. So the council of New York provides that the arch be kept in repair for one year, hoping that, the Presidential campaign over, there will be a return of allegiance and gratitude to the real Dewey, who deserves so nobly of his country. Perhaps, after all, the incident signifies that the American people have developed with their polity, since they have as little thought of taking Admiral Dewey for their President as the English people have of taking General "Bobs" for their Premier.

The Real Mickey Finn

I MET Ernest Jarrold, the creator of *Mickey Finn*, in Park Row, the other day. *Mickey Finn* was famous long before Mr. Dooley was discovered, and his vogue was nearly as great. Perhaps, also, it was equally ephemeral, in accord with the decree which gives to-day but no to-morrow to the relieving features of journalism. The funny men of the daily press—how they have their brief hour of popularity, and are then forgotten with the printed transcript of that humor, which once awoke a fleeting delight! Burdette, Nye, the *Danbury News* man, the Bijah of the *Detroit Free Press*, Peck and his *Bad Boy*, others whose names were household words a dozen or fifteen years—some of them are dead, most of them silent or forgotten.

Into the night go one and all!

The faithfulest of their following, who once knew their drolleries by heart, can no longer read their published works, when these are to be found. There is, in truth, no more melancholy residuum than the newspaper fun of a

departing generation. It affects us like the remembrance, in maturity, of things we thought funny when boys. And yet, how enviable that talent then seemed, and was there anything ever so good as Bill Nye's stuff before the demand of the syndicates thinned and depreciated his so-long fertile humor?

Well! Mickey Finn is not yet in this woeful case, and the heart of Mickey's father is as young as the youngest of those who have followed the fortunes of his hero. He is a true Bohemian, knowing ups and downs in pretty equal portion, but finding in his genuine talent a reserve that keeps him even with the world. A good fellow, too, who does not—like some others I know—make little excursions into the land of unsteady habits for the sake of turning their experience into copy. Nothing of the prig about Mickey Finn. So here's to him, and may it be long ere that wit shall cease to flow which has made classic ground of Cherry Hill!

Overdoing the Christian Drama

WE are being "Quo-Vadised" to death. In a way it is a relief from the enervating pruriency of "Sapho," but it is relief with a club. Some time ago I pointed out, in these columns, what seemed to me, the irony of a Christian, religious drama managed—and managed well—by Jews. In the case of "Quo Vadis" the Christians have gone the Jews one better. The irony is indeed subtracted from the situation—at least, the peculiar sort noted—but in other respects, the advantage of indecency does not lie with the contemners of pork. The town is deafened with the bellowing of the two rival companies, and the opposing claims of the managers. The literary and dramatic merits of the two versions are actively canvassed. Miss Gilder's name lends a slight, a very slight, prestige to one, which has been sensibly neutralized by the appearance of photographs of the lady-translator, depicting her in a kind of sleeveless garment, and a pose that was obviously a composite of Richard Mansfield and Robert Louis Stevenson. There is, in fact, little choice between the Gilder and the Stange versions, though it is claimed for the former that it has the authorization of Sienkiewicz himself—which fact does not enormously impress the average theater-goer. As to the acting, honors and dishonors, too, are pretty even. Maude Fealy, a young girl, new to the New York stage, with a face of singular innocence and beauty, has been talked of more than any one else connected with either cast. Those who have read the book need not be reminded of the author's wonderful success in seizing a most difficult epoch and reproducing it with great imaginative power and skill, while back of all is the tremendous interest of the Christian legend. The stage result of all this, they will be sorry to hear, is sheer melodrama, and melodrama that is distinctly inferior to "Ben Hur."

Crime in Cabs

THE psychology of crime in cabs has never been fully explored, although some eminent professors of fiction have essayed the task. We have had the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," the famous cab in "Madame Bovary," and other sinister equipages in story or drama, but they make a small figure compared with the actual wickedness of which this vehicle is made the theatre in the records of the police office. Just now there is a veritable epidemic of crime, as associated with cabs, in this moral city. The reason for it probably is that, as the more notorious resorts have been closed, the workers of evil have been driven to the cabs. At any rate, within a week three girls have attempted suicide in cabs, as a culmination to a night of debauch. They were all young girls, and but newly entered on the downward path. The disclosures have naturally alarmed the friends of social purity, who realize that this form of iniquity is more difficult to reach than the sort which has a fixed habitation. Dr. Parkhurst, in his comprehensive survey of sin, entirely omitted the cab; yet the cab, closed and curtained, speeding through the streets at the unholy hours, is a more deadly aid to profligacy than the infamous resorts watched over by the police. There needs no Nordau to tell us how potent is the temptation to vice under such unusual circumstances. It is likely enough that that great criminologist will have to add a chapter on cabs to his work on degeneracy. As to the cabmen themselves, who, as a class, commonly lie under an ill repute, they are, for an obvious reason, keeping a shut mouth concerning certain phases of crime which, if publicly known, would cause them to be driven from the streets. And it is surmised

that their natural ally, the policeman, is not telling half as much as he knows.

The Unities

THE most amusing and irrepressible citizen of New York, Hon. Teddy Roosevelt, has absolutely done nothing worthy even of his own comment in a week. Hon. Chauncey Depew, however, the perfected Peach of politics, has had a cakewalk at his senatorial home in Washington. Thus are the unities restored!

Michael Monahan.

New York, April 27, 1900.

MORIENS LOQUITUR MAGISTER.

Pertinent to the general discussion of creeds and their revisions, at the present time, is the appended poem, by the Bishop of Ripon, sent to the MIRROR by a reader in England.

A H! Sir, these things are nothing now,
The deep, wide gulf before me yawns,
Into its mystery shall I fall
Ere yet another morning dawns.
These vex your soul and fret your brow,
But they are nothing to me now!

You tell how fiercely men contend
For Churches and for forms of faith,
For phrases orthodox or not,—
How small are these in sight of Death!

One man who loves the dear Christ well
Takes the blest bread and knows Him nigh;
Another seeks to cast him out
With senseless talk of "Low" or "High."

And one who finds Christ everywhere
Because he hath Him in his heart,
Is counted excommunicate
By those who claim in Christ a part.

Men worship Christ with well-meant rites
And add new burdens to life's load,
And others think they honor Him
By tumults in the House of God.

Men wrangle over lengthy words,
And nice define the "how" and "why"—
What matter how the Lord is there
If we but have Him when we die!

All this to me is nursery brawl
Of angry children over toys.
Pettish and puerile are they all
When Death's great deep lifts up its voice.
These things are nothing to me now
The cold grave-sweat is on my brow.

To me there nothing is but God,
And that great love which can forgive,
A sunlight scattered all abroad,
A life whereby the dying live.
The love of God is all I see,
The rest is nothing unto me.

MISCHIEF IN THE MONEY MARKET.

TOO MUCH GOVERNMENTAL MEDDLING.

(FOR THE MIRROR.)

THERE is one feature of the financial situation that is now attracting considerable attention, because it has unusual significance. This is the persistent strength of the foreign exchange markets. Notwithstanding the admittedly large international trade balance in our favor, predictions are now made that we will have to ship substantial amounts of gold to Europe, or elsewhere for European account, within the next six months. Of course, the loss of several millions of dollars' worth of the yellow metal would not injure us to any extent, at least at the present time, because we are a large producer and monetary conditions are satisfactory. Nevertheless, the fact must not be overlooked that gold exports have never been regarded as an encouraging feature, especially when they take place at a time when foreign countries are heavily indebted to us. For the twelve months of 1899, the trade accounts, according to the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle*, of New York, disclosed a balance to us of \$492,476,147. In addition to that, we have, since that year

closed, and up to the first of April, 1900, secured a further balance, which brings the aggregate amount up to \$641,851,167. It is, therefore, calculated to arouse the astonishment of every careful observer, when foreign exchange continues to hover around the gold-exporting point, as it does at the present time. A few small shipments have been made in the last few days, and further consignments will, it is asserted by New York banking houses, be made in the next few days. Why is it that the United States finds itself compelled to export gold, while there is a big balance to our credit?

According to some pessimistic oracles, the shipments of the metal are due, primarily, to the effects of the new currency law. This law, as everybody knows, or should know, has materially increased the volume of circulating media in the country and brought about great ease in the money markets. Funds can now be obtained, if good collateral is offered, at from 2 to 2½ per cent. in New York, and present prospects are that this ease will continue for some time. On the other hand, money is tight and in urgent demand in Europe, where the war in South Africa has seriously hampered industrial and commercial, as well as speculative activity, and where every nation is anxiously hoarding its supplies of gold. The interdependence of the world's money markets is now clearly asserting itself on this side of the Atlantic. Compared with rates in London and Berlin, rates in New York are abnormally low and inevitably tend towards generating foreign pulling for our stocks of the yellow metal. Chronic pessimists argue that, but for the new currency law, interest rates in the United States would not have been lowered and kept more on a parity with rates abroad. The increase in national bank-notes has induced an artificial and dangerous abundance of money, and caused a steady rise in foreign exchange markets. There is probably some foundation for this claim of the croakers, who are always suspecting and anticipating the worst, but it is not easily understood why national bank-notes, secured as they are by deposits of Government bonds, payable in gold coin, should give us a repetition of the workings of the Gresham law, and drive good metallic money out of the country? It would certainly be unreasonable to compare notes of this kind with treasury certificates of 1890, issued against deposits of silver bullion in the United States Treasury vaults.

The best explanation of the renewal of gold shipments will no doubt be found in the intermeddling on the part of the Government with money markets. Anticipatory disbursements of interest and bond redemptions have too suddenly caused an expansion of currency. The additions have disturbed the normal state of money rates and made the supply of funds too plentiful. Of course, the prevailing ease cannot last indefinitely. International conditions will adjust themselves; foreign countries will try to better their position and to relieve their monetary stringency by drawing gold from us, as long as interest rates on this side are low enough to permit of it, whatever the trade balance may be. Later on, if no relief is afforded in the meantime, the Federal Treasury will, through our botched and clumsy sub-treasury law, be again the hoarder of large amounts of funds, drawn from the channels of trade and finance, and thereby restore the equilibrium. This method of enhancing the value of money is, however, one to be greatly deplored and one that may result in great mischief, sooner or later. There is no reason whatever why the Government should perpetually be engaged in the banking business and either lock up vast amounts of funds, or pour them, with unnecessary liberality, into the markets, thereby provoking dangerous and baneful speculation and putting things out of joint. Governmental help, judging by the experience of the past seven or ten years, has done more harm than good, although it may, at the time, have been welcome and warranted. Excessive taxation produces vast accumulations of funds in the Treasury vaults and forces the Government, every now and then, to afford artificial assistance to the money markets. It is strange and curious that, in prosperous times, the Federal Treasury is overflowing with, and almost harassed by, a plethora of money, while, in times of business depression, it is perpetually struggling to maintain a sufficient balance. When money is freely circulating, the Treasury is absorbing too much of it, and, when capital is timid, the Treasury is losing and cannot keep it.

While much has been done towards a reform of our currency laws, a glaring defect still remains. The sub-treasury act should be overhauled, duties and taxes reduced,

or, where necessary, abolished, and the money market be left to work out its own salvation. Interest rates, by judicious legislation and conservative methods on the part of our financial institutions, can be prevented from going from one extreme to the other and from disturbing and jeopardizing our business interests. The *laissez-faire* policy in financial matters has much to recommend it. The practice of turning to Washington for relief, every time something seems to be wrong, should be discountenanced and stopped, and stopped for good.

Francis A. Huter.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HADJI.

A TURKISH DROLL STORY.

[From "Told in the Coffee House," by Cyrus Adler and Allen Ramsay, price 75 cts. By permission of the Macmillan Company, publishers.]

HADJI was a married man, but even Turkish married men are not invulnerable to the charms of other women. It happened one day, when, possibly, the engrossing power of his lawful wife's influence was feeble upon him, that a charming Hanoum came to his shop to purchase some spices. After the departure of his fair visitor, Hadji, do what he might, could not drive from his mind's eye either her image or her attractive power. He was further greatly puzzled by a tiny black bag, containing twelve grains of wheat, which the Hanoum had evidently forgotten.

Till a late hour that night did Hadji remain in his shop, in the hope that either the Hanoum or one of her servants would come for the bag, and thus give him the means of seeing her again or at least of learning where she lived. But Hadji was doomed to disappointment, and, much preoccupied, he returned to his home. There he sat, unresponsive to his wife's conversation, thinking, and, no doubt, making mental comparisons between her and his visitor.

Hadji remained downcast day after day, and, at last, giving way to his wife's entreaties to share his troubles, he frankly told her what had happened, and that ever since that day his soul was in his visitor's bondage.

"Oh husband," replied his wife, "and do you not understand what that black bag containing the twelve grains of wheat means?"

"Alas! no," replied Hadji.

"Why, my husband, it is plain; plain as if it had been told. She lives in the Wheat Market, at house No. 12, with a black door."

Much excited, Hadji rushed off and found that there was a No. 12 in the Wheat Market, with a black door, so he promptly knocked. The door opened and who should he behold but the lady in question? She, however, instead of speaking to him, threw a basin of water out into the street and then shut the door. Hadji, with mingled feelings of gratitude to his wife for having so accurately directed him, but none the less surprised at his reception, lingered about the doorway for a time and then returned home. He greeted his wife more pleasantly than he had for many days, and told her of his strange reception.

"Why," said his wife, "don't you understand what the basin of water thrown out of the door means?"

"Alas! no," said Hadji.

"Veyh! Veyh! (an exclamation of pity) it means that at the back of the house there is a running stream, and that you must go to her that way."

Off rushed Hadji and found that his wife was right; there was a running stream at the back of the house, so he knocked at the back door. The Hanoum, however, instead of opening it came to the window, showed a mirror, reversed it and then disappeared. Hadji lingered at the back of the house for a long time, but seeing no further sign of life, he returned to his home much dejected. On entering the house, his wife greeted him with: "Well, was it not as I told you?"

"Yes," said Hadji. "You are truly a wonderful woman, Mashallah! But I do not know why she came to the window and showed me a mirror both in front and back, instead of opening the door."

"Oh," said his wife, "that is very simple; she means that you must go when the face of the moon has reversed itself, about ten o'clock."

The hour arrived, Hadji hurried off, and so did his wife; the one to see his love, and the other to inform the police.

Whilst Hadji and his charmer were talking in the

garden, the police seized them and carried them both off to prison, and Hadji's wife, having accomplished her mission, returned home.

The next morning she baked a quantity of lokum cakes, and taking them to the prison, begged entrance of the guards and permission to distribute these cakes to the prisoners, for the repose of the souls of her dead. This being a request which could not be denied, she was allowed to enter. Finding the cell in which the lady who had infatuated her husband was confined, she offered to save her the disgrace of the exposure, provided she would never again look upon Hadji, the merchant, with envious or loving eyes. The conditions were gratefully accepted, and Hadji's wife changed places with the prisoner.

When they were brought before the judge, Hadji was thunderstruck to see his wife, but, being a wise man, he held his peace, and left her to do the talking, which she did most vigorously, vehemently protesting against the insult inflicted on both her and her husband in bringing them to prison, because they chose to converse in a garden, being lawfully wedded people; in witness whereof, she called upon the Bekdji (watchman) and the Imam (priest) of the district and several of her neighbors.

Poor Hadji was dumbfounded, and, accompanied by his better half, left the prison, where he had expected to stay at least a year or two, saying: "Truly thou art a wonderful woman, Mashallah."

THE STEEL AND WIRE SCANDAL.

ANOTHER LESSON IN "INDUSTRIAL" METHODS.

MR. JOHN W. GATES, who partakes somewhat of the qualities of "Jim" Fisk, is being roundly denounced for his manipulation of Steel and Wire stocks. It is said that he is to be prosecuted for misdemeanor in making a false statement of the condition of the company of which he is an officer. People who bought Steel and Wire stock on the strength of Gates' declaration, that \$5,000,000 of the preferred stock would be retired, and then found that no such thing would be done, but that, on the contrary, the company was in a bad way, and would have to shut down some of its mills, assert that they lost the money they invested, and that the declaration of Gates was put forth with intent to swindle them. Then, too, it is thought there will be an investigation by a Congressional committee to determine whether the company closed its works for the sole purpose of affecting the stock market and enabling Gates and others to turn a "bear" trick.

The evidence that Gates "skinned" his associates is quite particularly plain. He declares that all the money he made by the recent "slump," if put into silver dollars, could easily be carried in one pocket. There is evidently a disposition to make Gates the scapegoat of all the offenders against the Wall Street speculators' standard of "honor," but his friends maintain that he has not sinned to the extent alleged in the sensational public prints. The talk that the directors of the Steel and Wire Company would demand Gates' resignation and pillory him before the country as an unscrupulous speculator did not materialized into action at the meeting called shortly after the "slump," but it is rumored that Gates is pledged to withdraw from the trust as a step towards re-establishing the company in public confidence. The cooler heads in the speculative community, however, are beginning to see that the big slump was not wholly a trick upon Mr. Gates' part. The "slump" was the result of natural causes, to a very great extent, and the collapse of prices for securities is only another instance to show that a trust cannot absolutely dominate prices upon the sole consideration of its own profit.

When the directors of the Steel and Wire Company met to discipline Mr. Gates and to repudiate his declaration that business was not profitable, they didn't do it. Mr. Gates had declared that the mills were overproducing, that prices were too high. The infuriated directors had to admit that he was right. The trust simply had to call a halt, because its efforts to boom prices had sent prices to a figure which absolutely operated to check consumption, and at the same time invite competition. The following statement of the case, taken from the New York *Evening Post*—said to be a trust organ—is believed to be a fair one:

"The Steel and Wire Company's trade has undoubtedly become congested through the attempt of its managers to maintain a factitious range of prices. While almost every

other iron product, including all the raw material of the Wire Trust, had declined since the rise of iron prices culminated last November, the price of nails and wire, the finished staples of this trust, had actually been advanced.

"The result of such an undertaking is inevitable. The experiment is merely the familiar 'corner,' in a more or less aggravated form, and no monopoly is complete enough to sustain it for any length of time. Nobody recognizes the truth of this principle more frankly than the really competent managers of the Trusts. Men who have gone into these undertakings neither as adventurers nor as gamblers, and who are familiar with the fundamental laws of trade, have repeatedly declared that in reasonable prices for its product, and in frequent reductions through economies in production, lies the true field of the modern trust. Many go further, and assert that the trust which ignores and violates this principle will only invite its own swift and sure destruction.

"The case of the Steel and Wire Company sufficiently illustrates the correctness of this view. By the confession of its own management, the abnormally high prices maintained, wholly through the action of this company, drove off consumers in the nail trade by wholesale. The company waited for them to return through the necessities of trade, and went on manufacturing at full speed; but the consumers learned, as consumers almost invariably learn under such circumstances, that there were other quarters where their needs could be supplied. A different kind of nails, not manufactured by the Steel and Wire Company, was adopted by the former customers of the trust, and the new article turned out quite as serviceable, or more so, for the builder's purposes.

"Overproduction," or, more correctly, 'underconsumption,' was the prompt result of the company's blind and unbusinesslike policy. To meet the serious trade congestion which ensued, only two expedients were available—to shut down mills and restrict production, or to cut prices to a reasonable level."

Mr. Gates' remedy for the situation was to shut down the mills. It had the effect of demoralizing the stock market. It startled the business community. Then the Board of Directors decided to reopen the mills and reduce the prices.

In Wall Street, it is asserted that Mr. Gates and others identified with the management, "were speculating for the rise some two months since, that they sold out their speculative holdings to outsiders at the high prices of three weeks ago, and that they then 'went short' of their own stocks at the moment when the company's chairman gave out an interview announcing, in the most extreme and reckless language, the bad condition of the trade." Just how Congress is going to do anything upon the strength of the "inside" speculation is not clear. The Congressional resolution of inquiry is directed to showing "the insufficiency of the rules and regulations of the New York Stock Exchange in relation to the most important part of the financial system—the immediate market for securities." The *Evening Post* does not see how a law can be framed to make the Stock Exchange insist, before a bid or offer is permitted on its floor, that the broker certify whether his client is or is not an "insider" in the company whose shares are being traded. No Stock Exchange can carry its authority further than to insist that sales and purchases be made in good faith, and with actual deliveries, and to require, as the New York Exchange now does, that every security admitted to its list shall first submit a complete and comprehensive statement of the company's condition, supplemented, more or less frequently, by similar reports.

The *Evening Post* believes that the matter of the manipulation by officers of the Steel and Wire Company is one that should be dealt with by the company's stockholders and directors. That paper would apply practically the principle of President Hadley in dealing with trust abuses. "President Hadley's idea" it says, "of social ostracism for officers of trusts who evade their proper responsibilities lacks a good many elements of practicability; but the idea of ostracism, on the part of investors, for the securities of companies thus mismanaged, is altogether feasible. Something of the sort exists already in the case of the 'industrials.' From time to time, this ostracism is practiced even by banks which lend on corporation securities. There are signs in the money market that it is now being practiced again in the stocks affected by the recent scandal." The "Industrials" are at the mercy of wreckers of the same sort as those who wrought such havoc in railway manage-

ment twenty and thirty years ago. The only way to prevent wrecking is for the investors to protect themselves. People should have nothing to do with concerns that are managed by men like Gates. And they should have nothing to do with enterprises that propose to elevate prices by action in defiance of natural laws. The bigger the profits offered in such concerns the more the investor should shun them. As for the gamblers, they don't want protection. They deserve what befalls them when they "go up against a game" that, on the face of it, is crooked.

WALKING AS A FINE ART.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

WALKING as an art has almost fallen into disuse in these days of wheels, electricity and horseless vehicles. Yet, to some of the old-fogy class, pedestrianism still has charms. At the lake summer resorts and the farms where city people go for their mid-year vacations you will find many bicycles and very little evidence of stout walking-shoes. This is not as it should be, for, with its many advantages, a bicycle is not fitted to carry a person into the inner sanctuaries of the woods and fields, where nature has her choicest treasures hidden.

You have been here at the lake for a week with your wheel, and you have gone to town a couple of times with it, and skirted the fields and forests. You have dawdled in hammocks and trifled at lawn tennis, and imagined that you were enjoying yourself and seeing the country. In reality you have been looking at nature through the wrong end of an opera glass. To-day, as you promised, we will go around the lake together on foot. No gun, no fishing rod, nothing but a light stick and a substantial lunch, not forgetting a couple of apples apiece. We wear stout shoes and old clothes, for this will be tramping, pure and simple.

We are away now, and this is the first slope, where these oaks are. The grass is thick and green, and a robin is hopping sedately along at the top of the hill. The lake shines and shimmers through the trees, and a crow is cawing somewhere overhead. There is the very breath and feeling of out-of-doors among these massive trunks and waving branches. See how the sunlight scatters fine flakes, as a sower might send with his palm the handfuls of grain over newly plowed ground. There is a singing in the very bosom of the hills, a palpitating of life in the leaves, that tells of the fervent passion in summer, the blossoming of June.

Down in that pocket of the slopes, walled around by alders and brush, is a little pool, shallow, and hidden from everything but the prying eye of the sun. If an eager-eyed water-spaniel were to browse around in those alders to-day he might find nothing for his trouble. Later on, in July, possibly he would disturb a sprite-like bird, which would rise out of the alders like a ray of light and disappear as swiftly as a shadow—a woodcock.

Now here we dip to Sandy Point, and we will wait awhile on this high bank and take an observation. A little distance from the lake's edge a grebe is swimming. The boys and hunters call them "hell divers." They are greatly in use as targets by ambitious riflemen and boys who go about with revolvers peppering away at everything alive. Their miraculous swiftness in diving renders their persecution almost entirely harmless. Those two small, dark specks just about to alight on the end of the point are spotted sandpipers. And now up and around to the first bridge. There goes a big garter snake. He is perfectly harmless—don't kill him. A yellow-hammer is calling from another hill, and now he flies across, dipping and rising as he goes. You should walk in the fields and the woods year in and year out until you could tell all the common birds by their flight a quarter of a mile away. Get your information direct from the woods, streams and fields.

In walking hold yourself well together. Walk erect and from the hips, swinging your arms easily. Never hump along nor toe in. It is perfectly simple to do this, and the easiest thing in the world to have a style and verve in walking. And not more than one man or woman in the thousand walks decently well. The rest amble, sprawl, slouch or weave along in a manner to disgrace pedestrianism. Do you cultivate the chest well forward, the soft flannel shirt, the hip movement and the carriage of a man

and a soldier. Notice a West Pointer! Why, he handles himself like a greyhound. Seek for an erect carriage, so that, at 70 years, men will turn and say, "He carries himself like a man."

Here is the bridge. The water is low now and you can see the sunfish swimming in the shadows of the bridge timbers. Do you remember the "pin-hook" days of your boyhood? The lily-pads are thick here, and farther up the creek you can see the snowy water-lilies floating on the surface. The redwinged blackbirds are down here at the creek, and their liquid-clear whistle, "oak-a-lee, oak-a-lee, clack-clack, oak-a-lee," sounds sweetly over the water. In those tall rushes and grasses you would "jump" a bit more if you were to push into them with a skiff.

We turn into the woods here and begin to go around the head of the lake. This timber is squirrel timber. That tree there—what would I call it? A massive trunk with no branches for a height of fifty feet from the ground. It isn't an oak, an ash, an elm, a hickory, bass-wood or sycamore. Oh! you have noticed that bead of gummy sap in that crack of the trunk, have you? A wild cherry tree. You would have hardly believed that they could grow to be such splendid trees. There goes a fox squirrel. He is just stretching himself across the grass and doubtless believes himself to be in imminent danger. We will give him a chase for the nearest tree. Now he goes up an oak, and in the very top he whirls around a limb and the wind dangles the tip of his fluffy red tail from the treetop.

Down there to the left is the tamarack swamp. Years ago I shot ruffed grouse there, but the grouse are all gone from this part of the country now. There are quite a number of rabbits in there yet and a few owls. How dark the dense green of the tamaracks show against the lighter shades of the surrounding woods! The blue glint of the jaybird's wings shows in the branches here and there, and woodpeckers and nuthatches are numerous. Now to the lake again, and we will find a myriad of gorgeous dragon flies darting about the edges of the water. That ripple extending out into deeper water is where a bass or a pickerel slid away as we came toward the lake. He was sunning himself in the shallow water and our appearance frightened him away. There's a frog by the side of that stone. A bullfrog? No, a meadow-frog. A bullfrog has a very much darker color; this one is bright green with dark spots. You have walked seven miles and are not perceptibly tired.

From this opening you can see across Wilce's pasture, which is really a meadow. A sparrow-hawk is poising high in the air, his wings beating the ether vigorously as his body keeps in one place above the field. The mouse creeping about below is in immediate danger. That graven image on the side hill of the pasture is a woodchuck. He is watching the scenery, lest any of it should slip away. He will squat in the same position for hours, if he is undisturbed. Contemplation is the chief end and aim of the woodchuck.

As we come over and start to cross the meadow a half-dozen bobolinks are pirouetting and tumbling in the air, drunk with the wine of summer and riotous over the clover blossoms. They have routed the red-winged black-birds from the rushes and are undisputed masters of the field. A tipsy crew of aerial Bacchanalians, with nothing to do but rise on fluttering wings and sift melody through the sieves of sunlight that are wavering above the grasses, such a madcap, disreputable band of joyous songsters! Such a disregard of all theories of moon-filtered passion of nightingale, or sky-flung music of English lark! Here is the bubbling over of the beaker of summer at last—the plash and tinkle of raindrops on glass—the gurgle of reed-fretted rivulets—the very pipes of Pan. Over and over the strains rise, fall and waver, to break forth again and again. And well may you listen, far from the roads, far from the town, in nature's secret cloister, to the June-spun tissue of the music of the bobolinks.

"Crying 'Phew, shew, Bob-o-Lincoln!
See, see, Wadolincoln;
Down among the tickle-tops,
Hiding in the buttercups,
I know the saucy chap,
I see his shining cap,
Bobbing in the clover there. See! See! See!
Bobolink,
Whisk-o-dink,
Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait."

This is the stone wall. Nine miles, and half way round.

We have loafed, we have walked, we have observed. Honestly, now, would you have seen one-tenth as much from the road? Would you have lugged your wheel with you into all the byways and nooks where we have been to-day? What do you think of walking as a lost art, anyway? —The Chicago Record.

MY FIRST ROLE.

BY SARA BERNHARDT.

(Translated for the MIRROR, from the "Memoirs" of Sarah Bernhardt, now appearing serially in Paris, by A. Lenalé.)

T WAS the day of St. Catherine; a holiday for the pupils in all the convents; but at the convent of the Grand Champs it had a special meaning for us this year. We were obliged to rehearse the customary representation far more seriously than usual. The subject, chosen from the Bible, was "The Journey of Tobias," a piece composed by Sister Thérèse.

Those who were given roles were elated with joy. They held special conventions to discuss the merits of the piece; I should add that they unanimously found it wonderful. What joyous "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" arose around me, but I was sad, frightfully sad; no role had been given me. What chagrin in the midst of the general joy! The good Mother never thought of consoling me or reasoning with me about it. She was wrapt up in the grand event.

I might weep and rage at my ease. I knew all the roles, and I thought the greater part of my comrades enacted them very poorly. At length I undertook to make my little friend, Louise Bugnet, repeat her role, which was that of the Guardian Angel, and which she certainly recited very tamely.

She was my comrade, aged ten years, and I loved her dearly. "Aren't you stupid!" I said to her. "If I were in your place I should not be afraid at all. Look! This is how I should say it —" But, the next day, there was a general rehearsal in the great hall, and she was seized with such stage fright she was unable to speak a word. We were all gathered there; Mother St. Appoline gave us a rendering after her own manner; she imitated Mgr. Sibour, who was to preside at the fete, and said:

"When he does that you must applaud him." And with her refined, pale head she nodded, smilingly, while her long, fragile hands sounded a half-muffled applause.

All this would have pleased me immensely if I had not been furious. I knew every role and had not a word to say. Most of my companions beamed with pride. Louise Bugnet, alone, wept despairingly. I thought her stupid.

"This child will never be able to take her part," cried the Mother Superior.

"Oh! no, no! I never can do it," sobbed my little friend, "I cannot!"

This caused general dismay. At this, a savage joy filled my childish heart. The blood surged in my temples. I leaped forward and jumping up on a chair, cried: "Mother! I know the role! Will you let me play it?"

Every one looked at me. I was trembling but courageous; I knew the role, and was confident of myself. Mother St. Sophie, Superior of the convent, adorable creature—delightful memory of my childhood—replied: "Very well, my child, come and repeat it to me."

I brushed my incorrigible mop of hair, and repeated the role of the Guardian Angel, breathless and intrepid. Then, having finished, I cried: "There, you see!"

My companions laughed, the Sister smiled, and, much encouraged, I mounted on the little platform. The rehearsal commenced. "You'll do, you'll do," they cried to me. I was very proud, yet I was afraid of not doing well enough. The rehearsal finished, the bell rang for dinner. So excited was I that my throat refused to do service.

How many times since have I felt this same physical anguish!

There was on the table this day an "extra," a sort of cream of which I was extravagantly fond, but I was positively unable to swallow it. Distraught with shame, I watched the pupils who were looking at me and wondering. They laughed and ate, and Louise Bugnet took my share of this cream: "There! you took my role, I can well take your cream!" Then I began to sob bitterly, for I dearly loved the dainty.

Very fortunately, at this moment, Sister St. Marie came

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Not six of them alike. They are all the newest Eton, Bolero and regular coat styles, and in all the good colors and black. Here is a grand chance to make a substantial saving on what many a lady considers a most moderate outlay for a stylish spring suit. These suits at, **\$25.00**
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Every cloth suit in our entire stock that we have been selling for \$45.00, \$47.50, \$49.00 and \$55.00—and you've seen them so marked—is now to be bought for \$37.50. Isn't the saving immense? Mind you these suits were cheap at original prices; what must they be when marked at, **\$37.50**
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About 200 of them—Eton jacket and skirt of double faced golf cloth, in gray, brown or oxfords—please note what we say; Regular price \$15.00, **\$8.75**
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Every lady who intends to travel this summer should have one—they're elegant in appearance and "dead swell"—\$15.00 beauties for, **\$10.00**
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Separate Eton Jackets—

Fine Ones Cheap.

Lot of Ladies' Fine Broadcloth and Cheviot Eton Jackets, with fine stitched silk and applique revers, in black or colors, were \$15.00 to \$18.00, **\$10.00**
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Lot of decidedly beautiful Taffeta Silk Eton coats, collar, revers and front all trimmed in cream applique lace, were \$18.00 to \$20.00, **\$12.75**
May Sale Price

A lot of fine Broadcloth Etons, with strappings of Velour, Panné and Taffeta—Those that were \$25.00 and to \$30.00, now, **\$15.00**
Those that were \$35.00 to \$40.00, now, **\$25.00**

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to dress me and they led me into the great committee hall. This room, somewhat mysterious in the imagination of a child, was unknown to me.

Shivering, I entered it, expecting to hear discussed all the rules and regulations that were formulated there twice a month. They had brought a mirror, the only one I ever saw in the convent; it belonged to Father Larcher, the convent gardener, the only man who had entrance to the house.

The mirror was very tiny, framed in oak, with a bird carved above it; it was tarnished, and numerous spots lessened its transparency. The religieuses turned away from it as though from a threatened danger, their black veils lowered over their white crape ones. Sister Touriere, the only nun in the convent who was not cloistered, on account of her continuous dealings with the tradesmen, was appointed to dress us. They placed a white robe on me, very long with immense sleeves. To this they attached two beautiful wings, equally white, and my curly hair was knotted over my forehead with a gold band.

Oh! how my childish heart was beating!

The convent clocks suddenly pealed out joyously; a carriage rolled into the great court; Mgr. Sibour had arrived.

I was too tired to be able to see, yet I applauded with all my infantile strength. Father Larcher raised me in his arms. What a wonderful sight for me!

Monsignor had descended from his episcopal coach and Mother St. Sophie, our Superior, knelt and kissed his ring.

All the other religieuses bowed forward, awaiting the signal to kneel and receive the benediction. This seemed very impressive to me.

All these black robes, with white surplices, and then this great man clad in purple, with his white hair,—so majestic, and yet with so beneficent a countenance; the carriage, the white horses, the great coachman, mounted perpendicular and solemn, on his high seat, and the almoner of our chapel, so kind and gracious,—all this I

found divinely beautiful, and I straightway resolved to become a religieuse.

An hour passed, during which I ignored what was said and done.

I was waiting, still, very fatigued with my emotions and sleeping in the care of old Mother Alexis, doyenne of our community.

A gentle hand awoke me as I was dreaming of my role. I was not astonished and hastened toward the door crying; "Ah! they're going to commence." Unfortunately, I had forgotten my long robe, and I nearly fell forward into the middle of the stage, tripping over it. The laughter provoked by my accident threw me into such a rage that the tears which threatened to flow on account of this accident dried instantly. "I did not hurt myself; no!" I cried, furious, and I hurried into the little room that served as entrance to the stage, which was partitioned with boards to form the dividing lines.

A wooden chair and table, upon which was placed the repeat of old Tobias, formed the whole setting.

I forgot: there were also two stools that a comrade was delegated to remove according to the necessities of the occasion.

There were eleven little ones in the small hall and not one of us spoke. Our hearts might be heard beating. Our fragile little hands, crossed as usual in prayer, were clenched with excitement.

At length, the congratulations ended, the first pupil received a cross that had been blessed and came to reassure us that she had not been frightened,—that it was, in fact, very simple. We need only look at the luminous point made by the sun, at the top of the large picture representing heaven filled with angels and, by thus fixing the attention, we might imagine ourselves alone.

After her, Marie Hubart played a selection on the piano, and it was then our turn.

I felt myself paralyzed with fear, and a shiver passed over me, from my head to my feet. I believe, indeed, that I should have missed my entrance, had not one of my

companions pushed me forward, as, some years later, my Professor Provost was obliged to do, when I made my debut in "Iphigénie" at the Comedie-Francaise.

My entrance affected me favorably; seized with sudden aplomb, although half dead with fear, I filled my role satisfactorily, even adding entire phrases to the original. In fact, I scarcely knew what I said, but continued just the same.

The play finished, the Guardian Angel was called to Monsignor's side. I was triumphant. I was then only a frail, little child, interesting and pretty, they said. "What is your name, my child?" asked Monsignor. "Sarah!" "We must change this name," he said, smiling. "Yes," said the Mother Superior, "her father, who wishes her baptized, desires to call her Henriette; the ceremony will take place in a month." "Ah well, Sarah or Henriette," said Monsignor, "whichever it be, here is a medal she must always carry, and the first time I come here again she must repeat for me the "Prayer from Esther."

Monsignor embraced me, and I promised him to learn the "Prayer from Esther," in expectation of his next visit.

Alas! I should never repeat the "Prayer from Esther" for Monsignor! A few days later, one morning, after the mass, while we were all gathered in the chapel, the almoner, sincerely moved, informed us, in a short discourse, that Monsignor Sibour had just been assassinated. "Assassinated!" A sigh of terror passed through the assembly.

This word, floating across the silence of the church, especially pained me. Had I not been the favorite of an instant! It seemed to me that the murderer had, at the same time, stolen from me my short triumph. I commenced to weep. The prayer for the dead, that they made us repeat, only served to intensify my chagrin, and they bore me out, fainting. From this moment I was filled with a mystic ardor and love for religious ceremonies, and the *mise en scène* of the worship, and perhaps the fervent help of my educators, who loved me very much and whom I adored, sustained me in this. Even now the memory of them causes my heart to beat joyously.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Miss Mary Alice McLaran is entertaining her cousin, Miss Belle Mead of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Marie Robinson and her sister Mrs. William Ater, have just returned from a trip to Florida.

A party of young people left last Saturday, to go down the river, returning on Monday. Mrs. Walter Bogher and Mrs. Peter Wilson chaperoned the party who were: Misses Carrie Cook, Tempe Belle Daugherty, Bertha Townsend, and Messrs. Glenn Hill, Philip Wilson, James Wilson and Howard Bogher.

Miss Ida Irene Crouch gave a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of Miss Marie Mitchell, who departs for Europe. Those present were Miss Clark, of Detroit; Miss Ernst of Kentucky, Miss Weeden of Providence, the young ladies all attending Misses Ely's School. The dinner was followed by a theater party, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Crouch, of St. Louis, being the chaperones.

One of the social events of this month will be the colonial concert, which will be given on May 8th, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. A fine programme has been arranged by the ladies in charge, and many prominent local musicians will contribute. Among those who will assist are, Misses Cook, Day, Truett, Marquis, Veitbs, Carson, Critchfield, May Schofield, Moriarty, Babbington; Mesdames Willard Bartlett, and Porter Marquis, and Messrs. Leon Gale, Steve Martin, Arthur Rhodes, Randall Hoyt, Williams, Flanagan and Professor Vieh.

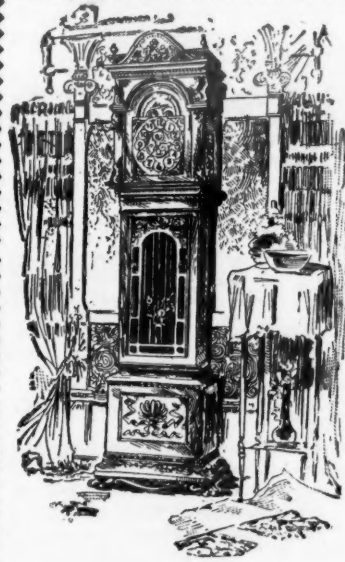
One of the attractive events of mid May will be the al fresco presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the Senior Class of Hosmer Hall, assisted by the younger pupils. Miss Jessie Allen, who won so much praise for her training for "As you Like It," last year, is in full charge of the undertaking. "Midsummer Night's Dream," which is essentially an open-air drama of May time, will be presented with the natural scenery, as far as possible. Abundant material for this is found in the beautiful grounds of Mrs. Rea, of Kingshighway, where the play will be given. A delightful feature of the occasion will be the rendering of Mendelssohn's beautiful Midsummer Night's music, as an accompaniment to the play. The costumes are all being made to order for the occasion. Among the young ladies who will participate are: Misses Juliet Sharp, Adele Stookey, Hattie Greensfelder, Ella Greensfelder, Beulah O'Hara, Bessie Trigg, Susie Parker, Marion Brunner, Natalie Lucock, Anna Keightley, Hilda Kolb, Nellie Lee, Maud Hubbell, Virginia Clardy, Julia Barclay, Margaret Post and Millie Wasserman.

Miss Eva Louise Keyser and Walter H. Saunders were married at 8 o'clock p. m., Wednesday, April 25th, at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Doctor Sneed officiating. The church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of palms. Music was furnished of a high character by William Maginn, organist, and Carl Tholl, violinist, a number of well chosen selections being given prior to the arrival of the bridal party. The bride was simply but tastefully attired in white organdie over white silk, the gown being handsomely trimmed with Valenciennes, and bodice with a bolero of lace. She wore a veil of tulle and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. She was immediately preceded by little Misses

Camille and Lucille Waughop, twins, aged five, beautiful as cherubs, so near alike as to be indistinguishable, and dressed in a manner that enhanced their loveliness. These little maids of honor attracted the attention of every guest, and performed their part of the ceremony with grace and precision remarkable. The bride was also attended by her sister, Miss Sara Keyser, as maid of honor, and by Miss Clara Salisbury and Miss Susie Saunders as bridesmaids. The young ladies were all beautifully attired in most becoming gowns and carried bouquets of pink bride's roses. The attendants of the groom were Walter Coles as best man, Messrs. Albert Fullerton and Dr. W. M. Robertson as groomsmen. The ushers were Messrs. C. F. Belcher, H. H. Hoff and Robert Funkhouser. After the marriage ceremony the immediate friends of the bride and groom repaired to the home of Mr. C. A. Sweetland, 3863 Botanical avenue, where an informal reception was held in their honor. The decorations were tasteful and the repast beyond reproach. Mrs. Sweetland is a sister of the bride. The bridal party left at midnight upon a trip to New York City, Washington and Virginia, to last two weeks, after which time they will be at home to their friends at 1728 Wagoner Place.

Dewey Souvenir spoons. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

Miss Marguerite Ehlermann's marriage to Dr. Wm. J. Gundelach was a large and fashionable Monday wedding. The ceremony took place at the Church of the Messiah, Rev. Dr. John Day officiating. At six o'clock Mr. Charles Galloway and a quartette of singers gave a recital. Among the numbers was one by Mr. Galloway a grand Choeur dialogue, by Gigout. At seven o'clock, the Lohengrin Bridal Chorus announced the arrival of the bridal party. The ushers came first. They were Messrs. Carl Ehlermann, Jr., and George Ittner, and Doctors Willis Young and Lionel Luton. The bridesmaids and groomsmen followed. They were Misses Helen Teasdale, and Effie Hospes, and Messrs. Edward Preetorius and Otto Heinrichshofen. Mrs. Otto Gerbau, of New York, the bride's sister, was the matron of honor, and came next, followed by twelve little girls, who carried upon their shoulders a thick garland of daisies. They advanced up the aisle, until the foremost ten reached the foot of the chancel, and then halted, while the bride passed alone through the lane of Marguerites thus formed to the foot of the chancel where her father met her and led her to where the groom and his best man, Mr. Robert Heinrichshofen, awaited her. The bride wore a lovely toilette of heavy ivory-white duchesse satin, the skirt made perfectly plain with a long court train. The bodice was made low with a yoke of fine Brussels lace, and the sleeves were of the Marguerite design with full underpuffs of tucked tulle coming from the elbow. A veil of fine Brussels lace, which is an heirloom, was worn, confined to the head with a chaplet of orange blossoms, which according to the old superstition, were made of wax by a family friend. The veil draped the entire gown, and extended to the end of the train. She carried a shower bouquet of marguerites. Mrs. Gerbau was gowned in pale blue silk crepe, also made en train, with high bodice, trimmed with plisses of lace. In lieu of a bouquet she carried an old ivory-bound family prayer book, that has been used on several like occasions. The bridesmaids were



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THE MECHANICS' BANK,

Fourth and Pine Streets.

Capital,	=	=	=	\$1,000,000.00
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We solicit the accounts of ladies, for whom a reception room with all conveniences is provided.

gowned in pale yellow silk, veiled in white silk mull, the skirts en traine and having full bodices, finished with a soft Marie Antoinette fichu. They wore toques of marguerites and carried muffs of the same flowers. The little girls were all gowned in white and the daisy chain was fastened in their shoulders with knots of yellow ribbon. After the ceremony Mr. Galloway rendered the Mendelssohn wedding march, and the bridal party left the church and proceeded to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ehlermann, 1605 Missouri Ave., where a big reception was held from eight to ten o'clock. The house was beautifully ornamented with marguerites, which the bride has selected in honor of her name. The ceiling of the drawing room where the party received, was entirely covered with garlands of asparagus fern and marguerites, with a shower of these falling from a bell-shaped canopy over the head of the bride and groom. The third floor was used as the supper room, and the large banquet table in the center had a center-piece of marguerites. The walls were covered with yellow and white, caught up with big marguerites, and cosy corners arranged for tete-a-tete couples. After the reception the bride and groom departed for a bridal tour East. Upon their return they will reside at their own pretty home on Finney avenue, when they will be at home to their friends the third and fourth Monday in June, and Mondays in October.

Miss J. I. Lea,
Scalp Treatment,
304 Century Building.

The new designs in diamond pendants, magnificent crescents, tiaras, diadems, aigrettes, and lace pins are a feature of the grand anniversary display at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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Schoen's Balmer & Weber's
808 OLIVE ST.,
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CONSERVATORIUM,
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Latest Popular Music. Terms Moderate.

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THE MINIATURIST
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Has Opened a Studio at the
ODEON, MASONIC BUILDING, SUITE X.

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Ladies' Tailors and
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Riding Habits and Bicycle Suits
A SPECIALTY.
1021 North Vandeventer Avenue,
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A Special Department for Remodeling
Garments into the Latest Styles.

Keyser's

716 OLIVE STREET.

FRESH, PURE AND DELICIOUS
Bonbons and Chocolates,
Fancy Baskets and Boxes.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Miss Margaret Blodgett, is still visiting friends in New York City.

Miss Madge Barney, of New York, is expected soon to visit friends.

Miss Willa Engman of Kentucky is visiting her brother, Dr. M. F. Engman, of 4506 Cook avenue.

Mrs. Otto Gerbau of New York is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ehlermann of 1605 Missouri avenue.

Mrs. James Drummond, gave a dinner at the Country Club, on Saturday evening, for Miss Mabel Filley and her bridal party.

Mrs. Everett Brooks gave a trolly party on Saturday in honor of Mrs. S. Richardson, who is the guest of Mrs. Howard Blossom.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Fallon Clark, of 4201 Page Boulevard, and Miss Celeste Clark, have removed to 5344 Cabanne avenue.

Mrs. Virginia Kayser, will leave June 1st for Governor's Island, where she will spend the summer with her uncle, Mr. D. D. Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Smith gave a box party at the opera on Monday evening, for their guest, Mrs. Allan Polk, of Kentucky.

Mrs. Eddy Faust gave a coffee last Saturday afternoon, in honor of her niece, Miss Luedeking, and the class of 1900 of the Mary Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robert have returned from their bridal tour, and are with Mrs. Roberts' mother, Mrs. Isabella Clendenin of Washington avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Brooks gave a box party at the opera on Saturday evening. The guests were Misses Juliet Sharp, Clara Carter, Jane Green, and Elgin Brooks.

Miss Blanche Wise and her mother have returned from Eureka Springs, where they spent three weeks for the benefit of Miss Wise, who has just recovered from typhoid fever.

Mrs. W. A. Stickney, who is to sail for Europe very shortly, has been given a number of farewell entertainments among which was a luncheon given for her by Mrs. L. M. Rumsey last Wednesday, and a coffee given on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Joe Dickson.

Miss Daisy Aull gave a dinner on Friday last, in honor of Miss Tempe Belle Daugherty. The table was prettily decorated with pink roses. The guests were Misses Alby Watson, Carrie Cook and Messrs. Leon Gale, Oliver Richards, Billy Williams and Rogers Pierce.

Mrs. Lee Merriwether will leave next week for a visit to New York, Niagara Falls and Kentucky, after which she will return and join her mother-in-law, Mrs. Minor Merriwether, and go to Lawrence Harbor New Jersey, for the summer. Mrs. Minor Merriwether will go South the latter part of this month, to attend the confederate reunion.

Dewey Souvenir spoons. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

Mrs. Rebecca W. Sire, of 3529 Pine street, gave an informal reception, on Thursday last, to about thirty ladies, among whom were Mesdames Huntington Smith, Ponceford of Cincinnati, J. F. Cannon, S. Pollack, Archer Anderson, McLannaghan, H. N. Spencer, Misses Annie Daviess of Kentucky, Julia Vion, Beatrice Branch, and McLannaghan.

Mrs. P. J. Conroy of 4954 Forest Park Boulevard, gave a large children's party on Saturday afternoon, in honor of the birthday of her little son, Master Robert Conroy. The little guests enjoyed dancing and games between the hours of three and six o'clock p. m. A phonograph also was one of the features of the afternoon. And as it was concealed from view, the children thought real performers were singing and making jokes for them. Mrs. Conroy received with her little son and Master Abner Cassidy. Mrs. Conroy wore a lovely toilette of pink liberty satin covered with embroidered lace. Among the children present were Misses Isabel Scullin, Veronica Mulvihill, Isabel Warren, Mildred Dyer, Hazel Kramer, Ruth Carleton, Dorcas Carleton, Stella Wasserman, Roberta Herold, Louise Edwards, Margaret Powell, Lucille Nathan, Marie Louise Gunther, and Naomi Childers, Masters Ernest Edwards, Thomas Conroy of Cincinnati, Joseph Moriarty, Kenneth Davis, Abner Cassidy, Sidney Baer, Myron Aloe, Ewing Swift, James Hetzel, Francis Fisher, Charlie Strauss, Elmer Young, Elzey Roberts, Bernard Tholl, Philip Windmiller, Clifford Glaser.

CECILE'S PORTRAIT.

Mabel:—Why, Cecile, I never expected to see you homeward-bound as late as 5 o'clock! And what are you doing on Grand Avenue? Now give an account of yourself.

Cecile:—Just came from the Odeon, dear, and have had another seance with the new photographer there.

Mabel:—Why, I thought you liked the picture he took two weeks ago so well you didn't want another.

Cecile:—So I thought, but the fact is it is such a delightful sensation to be posed in the Gibson style, by an artist who always manages to catch that natural expression, that I thought I would get a different pose and in a different gown. You know, dear, how constrained one feels, as a rule, in facing the camera.

Mabel:—Yes, indeed! And when the operator says "Now, look pleasant," is the very time you begin to feel as if you were going to have a fit. When you decide to look beamingly you come out with a ghastly grin.

Cecile:—Well, then, Mabel, you must try the Odeon photographer. The surroundings of his studio are elegant. He has a decidedly new method of posing which makes you feel perfectly natural—just as if you were "at home." You will understand what I mean, when I say that his poses have very much of the Gibson swagger in them. You ought to see his platinum portraits of Alfred Robyn and Mr. Galloway the organist,—simply superb! Oh, yes, he has "took" lots of the people in our set and Mamma says he is getting the cream of the business.

Mabel:—Did you say he is a new man?

Cecile:—O no! He is a new man in the West End. He spells his name R-o-s-c-h (and in pronouncing it uses the long "o" as in "roast.") He has been at the Odeon only a few weeks, and, oh, Mabel, you should see his studio. It's on the ground floor—the north end or corner of the Odeon—and is a real art studio, delightfully fitted up and full of pretty things. You'll have to make an appointment, of course, but you really ought to get a few pictures from him before you go away.

Mabel:—I will follow your advice, dear, good-bye.

The World's Grandest Jewelry Establishment."

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A BRILLIANT SUCCESS...

MERMOD & JACCARD'S
ANNIVERSARY WEEK

OF THE

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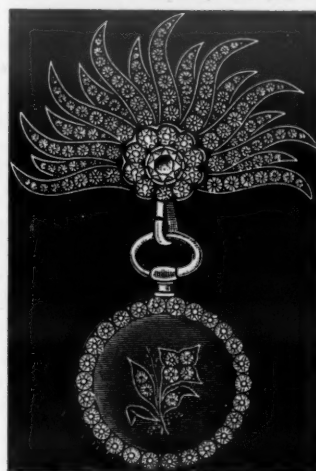
Music by Weil's Band—10 to 12 and 3 to 5.

Flowers—10:30 to 11:30 and 3:30 to 4:30.

Every day this week.—You are cordially invited.

THURSDAY—Special Display of
Watches and Jewelry.

See the fine Diamond Watches and Chate-
laines, and the Certified Observatory
Watches, perfect as human skill can
make them.



Diamond Studded Watch and
Pin to match.

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Cor. Locust St.

{ Lowest Priced House in }
{ America for Fine Goods. }

{ Write for Catalogue—3000 }
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A MARVELOUS EXHIBIT.

St. Louis has never known a scene of such magnificence and dazzling brilliancy as the grand anniversary of Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, which is now in progress, and will continue all this week. There was so much to admire and wonder at that one was almost surfeited with the splendor. The music, the decorations, the palms and smilax, the roses and carnations, the gay toilets of the throngs of well-dressed women, with, as a background, the display of rare jewels, flashing diamonds, bright silverware, and the choice specimens of marbles, bronzes, paintings on porcelain, and art pottery, combined to form a picture of more than oriental magnificence—one which will linger long in the memories of those who participated in this memorable event.

It would take too much space to describe in detail the displays, but what chiefly engaged the attention were the surpassingly brilliant diamond necklaces, diadems, crowns, aigrettes, tiaras, the new designs in diamond brooches, lace pins and rings, the mountings all made in the firm's own factory, and the diamonds imported by them. The new designs in silverware manufactured by

the firm were of deep interest. The Dewey punch bowl and ladle made by the Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Co., which will be presented to the Admiral on Friday evening, was one of the chief attractions, and no such magnificent and artistic example of the silversmith's art has ever before been produced in the West. It should be stated too, that grand, beautiful and artistic as were the exhibits, the prices were really astonishingly low for such rarely fine goods.

The anniversary, which continues all this week, is the first in the new building known as "The World's Grandest Jewelry Establishment"—a title which this week's revelations fully warrant—and the 56th year of the establishment of the business of Mr. A. S. Mermod, the president of the company.

"All signs fall in a dry town!" sighed the weary pilgrim, who had tried every wink in his repertoire on the girl at the soda fountain, only to get sarsaparilla at last.

Grandfather clocks with full Wellington and Westminster chimes, in mahogany and antique oak, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

A WEDDING

Is always an interesting event, and the presents to be
given ever a subject of great curiosity and speculation.
Amongst the fashionable presents of the day,

Pictures

Take very high rank. You will see on the back of the
fine ones the name

Corner
Eighth and
Locust.

Heffernan

ART
DEALER.

TO AN ELDERLY GOLFER.

A White Ball perches on a Pinch of Earth;
The Golfer smites for All that he is Worth;
Not then ensues an Awe-inspiring Drive;
But a weak Fizzle, proper Food for Mirth.
This is not splitting Rocks, nor felling
Trees;
No bull-like Fury, but deliberate Ease,
Displays the Adept, while he does his
Holes,
Not in your Nines and Eights, but Fours
and Threes.

Sweet is the Click that follows Stroke exact;
Vile is the Sound whenever Top is smacked;
With Teeth on Edge the Duffer sees his
Flub,
Cry to the World that Sense and Skill he
lacked.

A steady Glare, with all thy Heart and Soul,
Fix on the Ball, till smitten toward the Goal.
The Eye that wavers brings a heavy
Curse;

Striking, squint never sidelong at the Hole.
Vain is the Pomp of Jacket blazing red;
Of yellow Shoes to chequered Stockings
wed;
Of shiny Clubs, and parti-colored Hose;
Of tartan Cap upon an alien Head.

He fares no better who is thus arrayed;
His Shame is greater when he low is laid,
By Youth, in shabby Raiment, whose
strong Will,
By Eye and Hand and Club must be obeyed.

Why such a Pother o'er a paltry Game?
Why trudge long Miles on Miles, and call
by Name

On all your Gods? for nothing but to find,
That Out and Back in Eight Score Strokes
you came?

Better sit snugly in some Quiet Place;
Forswear the Pastime of the Scottish Race.
Life is too short to spend it on the Links:
Ye are not young, and Death speeds on
apace.

—Abbot Foster, in April Golf.

Hand carved ivories. Vienna bronzes
and a complete assortment of truly beautiful
Royal Bonn and Royal Vienna ware are
among our March importations. Call and
see them. J. Bolland Jewelry Company,
Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and
Locust.

MR. LINDSLEY'S PUPILS.

The production of "The Two Orphans,"
by Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils, at the
14th Street Theatre, on the evening of
April 25th, was a veritable triumph. It
was a most ambitious undertaking for
amateurs, and the artistic result must have
been extremely gratifying to the instructor.
An even excellence and professional tone
were observable throughout the performance.
The scenic effects, the lights, and the
properties were not slighted in the
smallest detail, and the costuming was
correct and handsome, all combining to
make the pictorial effects admirable. A
large and fashionable audience was in
attendance and all the boxes were occupied.
Applause was frequent and hearty, and the
floral offerings were numerous and very
beautiful. Miss Margaret Sandusky, as

the Countesse de Linere, was very picturesque
and was thoroughly equal to the arduous
emotional demands of the character. Miss
Alice Collison was a sympathetic Louise,
and gave an intelligent, well rounded per-
formance. Miss Marie Miller rose nobly
to the demands of Henriette, and handled
the emotional and dramatic scenes, with
which the part teems, with excellent discre-
tion. Miss Lavinia Thomas was made up
admirably for La Frochard, and her acting
was very fine. Miss Retta Holland
was a satisfactory Marianne, Miss
Florence Danes a sweet Sister Genevieve
and Miss Margaret Shannon a vivacious
Florette. Mr. Arthur J. Price, as Jacques,
was most picturesque in make-up and gave a
breezy scoundrelism to the part, that carried
the audience with him. Mr. Martin J.
Sweeney, as Pierre, made a decided hit.
He brought out all the pathos of the char-
acter and his facial expression was admir-
able. Messrs. Price and Sweeney deserve
great credit for their splendid fight in the
fifth act. The applause during and after
the encounter was deafening. Mr. Howard
H. Shultz, as the Comte de Linere, and Mr.
Richard W. Forrester, as the Doctor, were
both good, and the numerous minor char-
acters were all well acted. In the farce,
"Aroused at Last," which completed the
evening's entertainment, Miss Retta Hol-
land, wearing a beautiful gown that looked
like a Worth creation, was charming, as
Mrs. Vandernoodle, and Miss Margaret
Shannon was excellent as Mrs. Pondicherry,
as was Mr. Howard H. Shultz, as Mr.
Pondicherry, while Mr. Richard W. For-
rester, as Mr. Vandernoodle; Miss Alice
Collison, as Miss Hettabel Wiggins, and Miss
Lavinia Thomas, as Celeste, all displayed
great versatility by fine renditions of parts
totally different from those they assumed in
the first play.

THE GHOST OF POE'S RAVEN.

Since public attention has been called
afresh to Edgar Allan Poe, the following
extraordinary fact will be of interest. It
was about 1845 that Poe went to New York
searching for employment, and became so
"hard up" that he sold "The Raven" to
the *American Review* for five dollars. He
went out to Fordham, in Westchester
County, a suburb of Gotham, to live, and it
was here that his "child wife," the Annabel
Lee of his most beautiful poem, died and
was buried in the village cemetery.

Somewhere about 1881 or 1882 the
people of Fordham decided to remove the
graveyard, and therefore proceeded to
disinter the bodies. A gentleman of New
York, who had always been a great admirer
of Poe, heard of this and went out, deter-
mined to see to it that the grave of Annabel
Lee was not unnecessarily desecrated. He
arrived only in time to find the grave
already opened and the bones thrown out.
As no one seemed to care, he gathered
together the precious though uncanny
relics, and wrapping them in a paper, took
them to his own home, where in a box they
were reverently kept for nearly two years.

After this they were sent to Baltimore to
be interred near the grave of her gifted
husband.

But this is not the most extraordinary
part of the story, the facts of which can be

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verified, together with the names of the
actors. In the same room where were kept
for so long the bones of "Sweet Annabel
Lee" was also jealously guarded the original
manuscript of "The Raven," which latter
was placed in the corner-stone of the monu-
ment erected to Poe's memory.

Late one summer's day a raven flew
through the open window and rested on the
portfolio containing the precious manuscript.
The occupant of the room was at first
startled, and the weird connection between
the funeral bird, the manuscript beneath its
feet, the ghastly contents of the box near
by, started into uncanny prominence. Upon
approaching the bird it was found to be
gentle, and evidently somebody's pet.
Lacking accommodations for so unusual a
guest, the gentleman deposited the ebony
bird with a druggist near by; and as no
advertisement appeared to recall him to his
lost home, he was finally given to a prominent
society woman who had expressed a desire
for a tame crow, but who gladly accepted
this raven as a more dignified and poetical
addition to her household.—Frances H.
Howard, in May Woman's Home Companion.

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brings. As for prices—\$20, \$25,
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SPOONERISM.

[For the MIRROR.]

Of all the odd tricks that literary and illiterate persons have played on the language spoken by a majority of the civilizes of the world one of the oddest was known as "Spoonerism." Probably there are not a score of readers of this journal who will recognize the term or know that it was in vogue as a species of literary or conversational recreation a few years ago. It had been supposed that the habit of punning, which is of very ancient origin, had in itself all the amusing elements which the English or any other civilized language was capable of. Grave and reverend signiors always deprecated these plays upon words, their objurgations assuming such forms as "He who would make a pun would pick a pocket," attributed to Dean Swift, or the stern dictum of the crabbed Sam Johnson, "Sir, a pun is the lowest form of wit and the habitual punster is a lunatic," survive to mark the strong disapproval of the literati anent the practice. That it has survived their condemnation may be taken as proof either that they were mistaken, or that the inherent depravity of the human race spoken of by the theologians extends to the language as well. At all events, the pun in its *variorum* editions, ancient ones refurbished, new ones evoked from the multitudinous transmutations of the Queen's or the President's English is here as pungent as ever, and its votaries—the pun-dits, if you please—are always ready to use words as "chevron gloves" to turn a pun, if there is anything to make it upon (!)

But about Spoonerism. That is quite different. "It's English, quite English, ye know." It was formulated by a clergyman of the Church of England, "the Reverend William Spooner, Master of Arts Bachelor of Divinity, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford." Note the eminence of the genius who formulated the art or the habit, one hardly knows which it is. While it has been dignified by his name it antedated him by a century, for it has been said by public schoolmen that the practice was in vogue when their grandfathers were school-boys.

"Spoonerism" consists of a metamorphosis of initials which is designed to make sheer nonsense of the language. Its effects may be best shown by a few illustrations. For instance, "Spilliam Wooner," tells us, in his

auto-biography, that "his curse used to put him to sleep in a little knot." He was the high-priest of transmogrification, and substitution was the Alpha and Omega of his art. To him a mutton-chop and a beef-steak were a "chutton-mop" and a "steef-bake" respectively. He spared not religious songs in his wild vagary. For instance a well-known hymn "Conquering kings their titles take" was transformed to "Kinkering congs their tatles tike," and his version, or animadversion, with the accent on the second syllable, of the Ode on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" made a stanza read

"Not a drum was heard not a funeral note
As his horse on the ramparts we curried."

In poetry or in prose this erratic genius pursued the un-even "wenor of his tay." He inquired of his audience (one hopes it was not in church) if they did not have a "lague hearing for a vigher yife," some "half-warmed fish" rising in their breasts. Possibly they may have deemed it easier for a camel to pass through the "knee of an idol" than for them to sound the profundity of Spooner's lingual tangles. No doubt our "tother mongue" offers "pendless ossibilities" for such erraticisms as those instanced. It is related of Parson Spooner that, when traveling, his impedimenta consisted solely of "two bugs and a rag," the latter secured by a "strong lap," and his only vice (outside of his transgression of the "bide-hound" laws of language) was that he "poked a smipe" now and then.

It would hardly be supposed that Spoonerism had a vogue and one that survived even the silliest of the silly seasons of several years. But it did. It made a variety, you understand. It relieved the dull decorous declamations of divinity doctors, and, sanctioned with the *cum privilegio* of a reverend college don, it created a pious mirth like unto the "Mi Careme," or mid-Lenten carnival that mitigates the severity of the penitential season. John Bull is said to take his amusements sadly and, if this be true, it will account for his appreciation of the philological callosities of Mr. Spooner.

J. I. C.

Rich cut glass in original exclusive cuttings, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

Friend—Well, what kind of a time did you have on your European trip?

Returned Tourist—Why, it was one continuous kick.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Although not the large affair originally intended, Miss Mabel Filley's marriage to Mr. Ed Simmons, was the social event of the week. The ceremony took place at seven o'clock, at the bride's home, 1527 Locust street, Rev. R. A. Holland, of St. George's Episcopal church, officiating. Miss Filley, who is justly celebrated as a belle and beauty, looked lovely in her bridal gown of white panne, which showed to advantage her graceful figure. The skirt was made with a long court train, and finished with accordeon plaited ruffles of chiffon. Over all of this was a filmy veil of fine lace, entirely draping the skirt. The low cut sleeveless bodice was finished around the neck with plisses of lace, and in front was worn a superb brooch, the gift of Mr. Simmons. This was in the form of a crab, the body being of a single pearl, and the claws and feelers of diamonds, the eyes being two beautiful rubies. She wore a long tulle veil, falling to the end of the train and fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Sadie Pierce, the maid of honor, was gowned in white silk, veiled in white embroidered India mull. The skirt being made slightly trailing, and the bodice low and sleeveless. She carried a large shower of lillies of the valley. The bridesmaids, Misses Marie Hayes, Marie Scanlan and Louise McCreery, wore gowns alike, of white silk mull, over white silk slips. These were made with demi traines, and low, sleeveless bodices, and trimmed with rows of baby ribbon velvet of pale green and Cluny lace. They carried shower bouquets of lillies of the valley. Miss May Filley, a pretty young school girl, was also of the bridal party. She wore a pretty girlish frock of white lace, over white silk, with a high bodice, and carried a shower of lillies of the valley. Mr. Wallace Simmons attended his brother as best man and Messrs. Bert Filley, George Simmons, Philip Scanlan, Sam Davis, Will Finlay, and Bert Erskine, of Chicago, were the groomsmen. The ceremony took place in the large drawing-room of the Filley residence, and here the decorations were very elaborate. A large mirror in the side of the room facing the doorway had a perfect shower of Easter lillies all around it and, falling from above, reaching outward on the sides to two tall

DEWEY

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Russian candlesticks of wrought brass, each of which burned a big taper. Leading to this bower of lilies was an aisle of white satin ribbons, and through this the lovely bride was led by her father, Mr. Charles. After the ceremony the bride and groom received the congratulations of the assembled guests, who were all members of the two big family connections. No reception was held, on account of the death of the bride's grandfather, the late Giles Filley. The wedding presents received by Miss Filley gave ample proof of her popularity in St. Louis society, and were of great magnificence. One entire big front room on the second floor was filled with beautiful silver, cut glass, gold glass, and, in fact, everything that fancy could suggest, even to beautiful table linen and embroideries. Mr. and Mrs. Filley presented their daughter with a complete chest of silver, and an entire service of exquisite china. At nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Simmons departed for their bridal tour, to California. Upon their return they will reside for the summer at the Simmons residence in Westmoreland place, and in the fall, take possession of the beautiful home on Maryland avenue, given to them by Mr. E. C. Simmons.

Wedding Silverware—Mermod & Jaccard's.

SOME LOCAL AFFAIRS.

The Grand Jurors who condemned Supply Commissioner Meier appear to be in a hole. They reported certain charges against him which, if true, would have justified indictment, but which, if not true, should not have been mentioned in their report. It looks as if some one had trapped the Grand Jurors in preventing Mr. Meier's indictment. But the Council can try Mr. Meier. And it will try him. It will find the evidence, too. This is not official, but I happen to know it's true.

The city has authority to spend \$5,000,000 on the World's Fair, raising the money by issuing bonds. But how about the money that will be needed to improve the streets? That must come from a bond issue, too. It won't do to have the World's Fair in a city in such shape as this is now. The city should have \$10,000,000 at least, for public improvements. It should be authorized, by the next Legislature, to issue bonds to that amount. The municipality is \$1,000,000 short of its needs for the coming year. It needs streets, sewers, new eleemosynary institutions. I understand that there is a proposal pending to purchase of the city, for a sum somewhere near \$700,000, the old Union Market. The prospective purchasers want to put up a large block on the site. Such a block would enhance realty values on Broadway and Sixth street. It would seem that the sale of the market would be the proper thing.

Death is playing havoc with society towards the end of the season. The demise of Mr. C. C. Maffitt put the vast Chouteau connection into mourning. The sudden death of Mr. Emil Glogau removed a well-known figure and closed a popular home. The passing of Mrs. Dorothy Prewitt Pillot saddened many friends. Now comes news of the death of Mrs. Hope in France, to put a pall upon the families ramifying from the Frost stem. Mrs. Hope was a grande dame and had been, as Miss Eva Frost, a raving beauty. The death of Mrs. Charles Sutter, a most kindly and distinguished lady, has also given pain to a wide circle of well known people in society. Another death that affected a large contingent of prominent persons was that of Mrs. Alexander Garesche, a woman of much brilliancy, and noted likewise for her deep and fervent piety. Eugene Williams' taking off has climaxed the list of deceased local celebrities. It need only be recalled that Mr. Charles Hodgman's death affected financial, social and high sporting circles, to round out the evidence that this has been a season of the gathering in of shining marks, the gloomy and fatal series of visitations beginning with the deaths of Arthur Lee and Gen. James M. Lewis.

There have been of late, in St. Louis, an unusual number of deaths of persons of local distinction, but, somehow, among them all none had a more distinctive touch of pathos than that of Mrs. Minnie Lawrence Siegrist, who succumbed, after much suffering, last Sunday morning. Mrs. Siegrist was a belle as a girl, and as a matron she retained her beauty. She was more than ordinarily brilliant, in this day of many brilliant women. Her taste was faultless. Her personal style and carriage were flawless. Her gowns were always individualistic without over-emphasis. Her manners were gracious, and yet stately. Her home was a marvel of chaste elegance. Her personal distinction

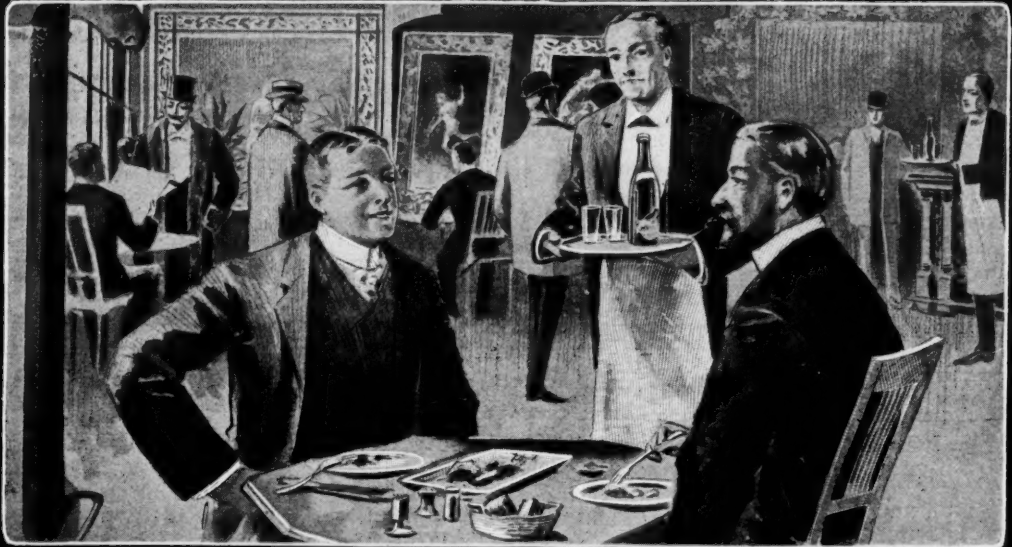
was known in this country and abroad. Those admitted to intimacy with her found her ever kind, generous, gentle, with always the touch of personality that marked her as a woman not only of beauty but ability. Her parents idolized her, and so did all who knew her. She was, in spite of her matronly bellehood, a most affectionate mother of a witching daughter. Her charitable impulses were large, and never resisted, though the surrenders thereto were hidden. Her friendships were strong and long. Dying at 35 in her palatial home, there was something peculiarly touching in the end of one to whom life and love had given, and for whom the future held so much. And the entire community's sympathy went out spontane-

ously to those to whom she had been so dear in their great deprivation. For a long time she will be mourned by those who knew her, remembered by those who, at a distance, apprehended her as a beautiful woman. She was the last of the beauties and, perhaps, the first of them that was blessed also with brains.

The wine room crusade continues. Mr. Hawes says the police board has done its duty. The anti-wine-room crusaders deny this, and there you are! The police can close the wine rooms if they want to. There's no doubt of that. And the members of the board need not fear that they will have to pay damages to any proprietor

whose wine room is closed. But the wine room is only one phase of the social evil. Unless the campaign be made more general, closing the wine rooms will not do much good. The social evil never has been stamped out in any city, as Sanger tells us in his "History of Prostitution." The question is vastly greater than the wine room phase. Mr. Hawes and his associates may close every wine room and yet the nymphs of the pave will flourish. If Mr. Hawes and his associates can reduce the evil to a minimum, if they have, as they claim, closed every notorious wine room, they have done fairly well. It is well to consider that an excessive stringency in the matter in question may have disastrous

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results in increasing the number of "shady" rooming houses in neighborhoods as yet uncontaminated by the scarlet woman. Open wine rooms are bad, but the absolute suppression of them may multiply the number of secret boozing dens. That would be worse. It won't do, gentlemen of the anti-wine-room crusade, to drive the down town "molls" out to the decent family resorts during the summer months. Better they should drink down town, where decent people would not know of them. This is something to think about in mitigation of the heinousness of Mr. Hawes' alleged "laxity."

John W. Gates used to live in St. Louis. He had a reputation as a game gambler. Once he went down to Hot Springs and undertook to deal faro. The players cleaned him out of his ready money and more. He gave one man a cheque for \$1,200. This was late at night. In the morning the holder of the cheque presented it at the bank on which it was drawn for payment. Gates had "stopped" it. He wouldn't pay a gambling debt. A man who gambles and will do that is not a "sport," especially when there is no claim that he was made drunk or doped, or trapped into a play. Such a man is a "quitter," and if Gates can't bluff the Seligman out of prosecuting him he will "quit right in the road." That's the prognosis of the case of Gates. He will "bluff." If the bluff fails he will weaken and get out of the Steel and Wire Company.

The people of St. Louis are equally tired of both political parties. The spring election in 1900 will not be complicated with National or State issues. There will be, therefore, no cause for people to vote along party lines. That will be the time for an Independent Movement—for a full city ticket, nominated long before party conventions are called, nominated by representatives of all organizations in the city, with no platform but good government. A ticket nominated by a gathering that will represent all sorts and conditions of people can be elected. There is a little less than a year to prepare for such a movement. The politicians are preparing now. The people who want neither gang of politicians should begin to prepare now.

It is violating no confidence to declare that the filter scheme, recently so much discussed, is dead. The filtration "experts" will not go to Europe to "inspect" filter plants and see the Paris Exposition, at the expense of the people. The Board of Public Improvements may "try again," but it will be a try without much heart in it. If we can get pure water unfiltered instead of dirty water filtered we want the former. The MIRROR'S presentment of the case in that shape has killed the filter scheme. It is now to be determined whether we can get pure water unfiltered, and at a moderate price to the people. The Board of Public Improvements must consider the proposal to furnish pure water unfiltered. If the plan be not feasible, if it cost too much to carry out, reject the plan. But it won't do to ignore a proposal for pure unfiltered water for the purpose of experimenting in filtration. Unscientific organizations that declare for filtration, without knowing anything about the subject, cannot influence the public at large. If we can get pure water to a certainty, why experiment with filtration and waste valuable time and money? The filtration scheme of experiment, including trips to Europe for experts, is dead. It may be

resuscitated when the authorities demonstrate that we can't get pure water in any other way. The Meramec scheme may be good or bad. But it seems a fair proposal on its face. Let the Board deal with it openly, before the people, not smother it. If it be impracticable let the Board kill it. But a refusal to consider it at all is suspicious. Let the people hear the proposition of the Meramec people. If it be wrong the scientists of the B. P. I. can show where, how, and why it is wrong. If there's a "job" in it, show it up. That is all the MIRROR has asked of the authorities.

Persons desirous of attending the Dewey banquet should enclose cheque for the amount fixed upon as the price of the tickets to Mr. W. H. Thomson, of the Boatmen's Bank. He will send the ticket by return mail, together with a ticket to the reviewing stand during the parade on Saturday.

St. Louisans who want a novel experience will find it in attending the Italian Catholic fair at the Exposition. The exhibits there, the masses of people, the swarthy men and sinuous, sumptuous, sloe-eyed women, will come upon the ordinary observer as an almost startling revelation of the extent of this city's cosmopolitan population. One never would have thought there were so many Italians in this city, and at the same time one must be agreeably surprised at the evidences of the Americanization of these people. The spectacle is calculated to dissipate illusions concerning the Italians, such as we find cropping out in discussions of the Italian laborer and his desperate and dangerous ignorance. Here are people not so much different from the rest of us, happy, well dressed, spending money, talking Dewey. Their fair is a novelty in many respects, and a visit to it is like a dream-excursion to the riviera. The most attractive part of the spectacle are the Italian women, and after them come the Italian dishes. Those of us who find the round of places to go' in this city, uninteresting, should be thankful for the variation introduced by the Italian Catholic fair at the Exposition.

Uncle Fuller.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

"Queer old salt, isn't he?"

"How?"

"Why, he never says 'shiver my timbers' or anything like that—swears just as you and I do."

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Tourists' Outfitters.

Carriage, Coaching and Walking Parasols, Twilled Silk Parasols, brass frame, enameled stick	\$6.50
"MINERVA" and "EMPRESS" Umbrellas	\$2.00 and \$3.00
Storm Ulsters, Heptonets, Mackintoshes	\$4.80 to \$18.50
Homespun Suits, Cheviot and Oxford Gray Skirts, Scotch Rug Golf Capes	\$8.50 to \$25.00
Traveling Rugs of Raw Silk, Velour or Scotch Shawls, Japanese Satchels, Telescope Baskets, Steamer Pillows, Linen Toilet Cases, Traveling Satchels fitted	\$17.50 to \$22.50
Dressing Cases	\$1.50 to \$7.50
Women's Safety Pockets, purse top	25c to \$2.50
Chatelain Bags, leather, velvet, crochet and bead	\$1.25 to \$15.00
Sponge Bags, Bathing Caps, Dressing Combs, Brushes, Mirrors, Soap and Powder Boxes, Ebony Military Brushes	\$2.25 to \$5.50
Shoe Horns, Manicure Articles, Flasks, Stock Collars, Puffs, Jabots and Ties, Linen Collars and Handkerchiefs, Men's Collars and Cuffs, Negligee Shirts, Pajamas, Neckwear, Hosiery, White Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs	50c to \$1.25

THE CZAR'S GIFT.

The Czar has made an extraordinary gift, ostensibly to President Loubet, really to the French nation. It is a map of France 3 ft. square, formed of delicate varieties of polished Siberian jasper, each department being shown in a different color. The whole is inlaid with jewels, "the towns of France, 106 in number, being marked in precious stones mounted in gold."

Paris is represented by a diamond the size of a small hazel-nut, Havre by an emerald, Rouen by a sapphire, Rheims by a chrysolite, Lyons by a tourmaline (black emerald), Nantes by a beryl, Bordeaux by an aquamarine, Marseilles by an emerald, Nice by a hyacinth, Cherbourg by an alexandrite (green in the daytime and reddish blue in the evening), and Toulon by a chrysoberyl. Twenty-one small towns are figured by amethysts, thirty-five by tourmalines, and thirty-eight by rock crystal. The names of towns, foreign countries, etc., are written in letters of solid gold, chiselled and let into the stone. Rivers are in platinum.

The gift is said to have cost £160,000, but that is obviously a blunder for 160,000 silver roubles, or £16,000, there being nothing in it, except perhaps the diamond, or any excessive value. It is a curious piece of barbaric magnificence not unbecoming the "master of two worlds," and has the merit of almost eternal durability. One wonders who will own it five hundred years hence, or whether, like the High Priest's breastplate, which was also of jewels, it will be altogether lost.—*London Spectator*.

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.

A PLAGUE OF PRINT.

"It has long been a source of wonder to the uninitiated in the mysteries of library management," (says the *Saturday Review*) "that the British Museum authorities should be able to cope successfully with the torrent of printed matter which finds its way to Bloomsbury incessantly. Congestion has come at last, and the application which is to be made in Parliament for power to dispose of unessential publications will secure a large measure of sympathy."

"It is idle to pretend that any useful end can be served by storing up indefinitely masses of the most ephemeral periodicals. If such papers are likely to be of historical or sociological value, as affording an idea of the sort of thing that appealed to minds educated by the Board Schools, an annual specimen would surely be ample."

"Again, the vast majority of the novels issued are only so much lumber on the Museum library shelves, and no wrong would be done to anyone or any period if they were treated as the refuse they are. The Museum might by disposal of the obviously unfit, realise a quite respectable sum annually from the sale of waste paper." These remarks apply with equal force to the Congressional Library which is rapidly filling up with rubbish of all sorts under the copyright laws. The plague of print promises to be a great curse in the very near future.

Grand anniversary celebration all this week at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust,

THE STOCK MARKET.

Stock market movements have been most peculiar in the past week, and confirmed the belief that everything is being resorted to by the manipulators to attract the public and to put prices upon a higher plane. The tactics employed have, however, been so outrageous and disgusting in character that no conservative trader would feel inclined to advise purchases, except at sharp concessions, and then only for a quick turn. An air of expectancy is now pervading Wall street. It is realized that something is impending and that a decisive movement either way cannot be much longer prevented. Cautious observers are agreed in their predictions that prices will decline from five to ten points at least, especially in the industrial and traction groups, and that sales should be made at every fair advance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ or two points. Public confidence in existing market conditions and the legitimacy or stability of prices has been severely shaken by late developments in the steel shares, and those who are still under the impression that industrial stocks will recover a substantial part of their lost ground are hugging a delusion. People who are still hanging on to their stocks are anxious to dispose of them and will liquidate, without hesitation, at any price that will permit of it without too big a loss.

The bulls are somewhat elated at the news that the wily bear leader, James R. Keene, has left for Europe in order to recuperate his shattered health, and are evidently impressed with the idea that the bears will not make much of a demonstration during his absence. In this, however, they will no doubt be badly fooled, as there are still a good many courageous and powerful operators left in Wall Street, who can make it very interesting and exciting for the bull cliques, if occasion or self-interests should require it. It is well known that Mr. Keene had little or no part in stock market speculation for some time, or ever since last December, and remained an interested spectator, only condescending once in a while to give his friends the benefit of his opinion. In a recent interview, he declared, for the third or fourth time since last autumn, that the downward movement had not as yet culminated, and that too many stocks are still selling at unreasonably high prices.

Owing to all sorts of rumors about a settlement of the trade war, Sugar was the center of speculative attention in the last few days. Early last week it sold at 101, but two days after it had risen to $119\frac{1}{4}$; this was again followed by a drop to $112\frac{1}{2}$, and then another whirl landed the stock at the highest priced touched for months, or $121\frac{1}{2}$. After reaching $121\frac{1}{2}$, there ensued a very sensational break to $110\frac{1}{2}$ within the space of two hours, no doubt on reports that the Havemeyer-Arbuckle struggle continued as fierce and bitter as ever. There is a strong suspicion that the big advance and equally big decline in the certificates originated in the intention of bull cliques to rally the entire market and facilitate the liquidation process. The officials of the various refining concerns are close-mouthed, or, if they commit themselves at all, they declare that there is as yet nothing in sight to warrant the expectation of a restoration of peace and a cessation of the wholesale slashing of prices of refined sugar.

Missouri Pacific distinguished itself by another sharp rise to 60, on predictions that a representative of the Rockefeller interests would become a member of the Board of

directors at the meeting held on the 30th of April, in New York City, and that a dividend would be declared. Of course, nothing of the sort happened. Instead of the election of Jno. D. Rockefeller as director, or the payment of a dividend, it was decided to issue \$15,000,000 of 5 per cent. debenture gold bonds, for the purpose of redeeming all the unfunded obligations of the company and to provide for enlarged working capital, and for a reserve betterment and enlargement fund in available securities. About \$2,000,000 of the proceeds will be used to reimburse the treasury, in part, for capital expenditures heretofore made. The announcement of the result of the meeting was followed by some selling pressure in the stock, but offerings were quickly and easily absorbed. It is known that a strong bull pool is at work and trying to put the stock a good many points higher. The explanatory remarks of George Gould and the decision to issue bonds for improvement purposes plainly evidence that the operating expenses will be reduced; that no improvements that should be charged to capital account will hereafter be paid out of current earnings, and that the stock will receive a dividend before long. There should be no hesitancy displayed in buying the stock as soon as it has experienced a fair set-back. It will prove a good and profitable investment.

Further shipments of gold are expected to take place before the close of the current week. The officials of the National City Bank, of New York, estimate that they will export about \$1,000,000. The movement has so far failed to have any perceptible effect on market values, for the simple reason that money continues easy on this side of the Atlantic, and nobody is worrying about money rates. Far-sighted people, however, are regarding the efflux as a disquieting indication.

The bear faction is again making a concentrated attack on the traction shares, especially Metropolitan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit. Metropolitan declined to 154 under heavy selling pressure, and Brooklyn R. T. to $72\frac{1}{2}$. It is estimated that a further reaction will take place, as there is a good deal of liquidation going on in securities of this kind. Ever since the Third Avenue crash, the traction stocks have been unpopular and viewed with distrust. As an investment, they are very risky and, at any rate, entirely too high at their present quotations. However, no one should venture to sell them for "short" account, except on sharp advances. It seems to be the intention of controlling cliques to give the stocks a weak appearance, encourage the bear faction to sell large lines, and then force a covering movement. The larger the "short" lines, the higher the price will go.

Railway earnings for the month of March were not satisfactory; on the contrary, they were, as a rule, very discouraging, and reflected a material increase in operating expenses. The only notable exception was the statement of the Atchison, Topeka & S. F. system, which disclosed a gain in net of more than \$500,000. The St. Paul, Burlington, Reading, Wabash, Southern Ry. and Southern Pacific Companies showed very light gains or small decreases. The Southern Pacific exhibited the first decrease for a long time past. It would hardly be reasonable to expect such big increases in earnings from now on as were recorded last year. Statements will hereafter compare with very flattering figures and one

must, therefore, not be surprised if a contraction in revenues occurs.

Another quiet but significant tragedy took place in the recent sharp break in Union Bag and Paper Co. shares. The common stock declined to $11\frac{1}{2}$, compared with $40\frac{1}{2}$ a year ago, while the preferred touched 64; it sold at 89 in May, 1899. These shares were persistently boomed and heralded as an excellent investment at the time of issuance, and many who bought on specious representations at that time have been severely squeezed. The common stock has practically no value whatever, and the same may truthfully be said of nearly all the common shares of the recently organized industrial combines. There are grounds to believe that Federal Steel common and American Steel & Wire common will go begging at 25 and 20 before many months have passed.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local stock and bond market has been quiet but steady in the last few days. Transactions were confined to mining and street railway securities. Bank stocks were utterly neglected, and quotations only nominal. There was considerable activity in Granite and American Nettie mining shares, but the first-named, after a sharp rise, exhibited weakness and dropped rather sharply. American-Nettie, however, maintained its strength and gain very well.

Granite is now quoted at $2.77\frac{1}{2}$ bid and 2 89 asked, while Nettie is $1.32\frac{1}{2}$ bid, with 1.40 asked.

United Railway bonds sold at 87 and $87\frac{1}{4}$.

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SALTED PEANUTS!

These Peanuts are a Decided Novelty!

And their popularity in the prominent Hotels, Restaurants and Clubs is due to the ingenious method of their manufacture.

In order to preserve the delicate flavor and the aroma of a perfect peanut, they are toasted on wire pans over an open fire. The operation is similar to the broiling of steak, and the effect is the same in the retention in the peanut of those essences which are as charming in their way and as easily destroyed as the perfume of a flower.

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SHE WAS TOO FAT.

Ada St. Clair, the actress, played leading-lady parts from 1890 to 1896, when she became so stout that she had to leave the stage.

She tried many medical remedies and nostrums without avail. The more anti-fat remedies she swallowed the fatter she became, and in July, 1896, she weighed 205 pounds.

One day she found a perfect cure, and in two months thereafter she appeared in a high-class young girl part, weighing just 128 pounds, and the reduction in flesh was without the least injury to her health or purse.

What she did, how she did it, and what she used, and how the same treatment has cured many men and women since, Mrs. Lafarge will tell you, confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. You can buy what she prescribes from your own druggist. The cure depends more on what you do and how you do it. No violent exercise, no starvation diet, or anything of that sort. You can follow instructions unknown to your friends, and during a month you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in a \$1 bill or stamps.)

Address Mrs. Louise Lafarge, Station E. Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work she will send you your \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Lafarge and what she has done.

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The Vaudeville House of the West.

NIGHT AT 8. MATINEE EVERY DAY AT 2

AMERICAN BURLESQUERS.

The Bill Includes:

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George B.—SCANLON AND STEVENS—Pearl In a new comedy, entitled "After the Review."

MISS MILDRED MURRAY,

The dashing and Popular Serio-Comic

BILLY—SPENCER BROTHERS—JOHN Comedians, Vocalists and Dancers.

The Parisian Feature,

NUDINE

Introducing beautiful young ladies, painted in bronze. The Real Article. Every Pose announced by Miss Daisy Randall,

Next Week, commencing Sunday Matinee, May 6.

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Little Egypt Big Burlesque Co.

Taking the year through you spend but little on Paint, and can afford to buy it of best quality when you want it. Cheap Paint is only a vexation. You will be sure to obtain good Paint, Varnishes, etc., from the Mound City Paint and Color Co., Nos. 811 and 813 North Sixth Street.

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FUTURES IN COTTON,
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GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	Aprill, 1905	113 -115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	113 -115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	103 -104
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St'r'g 100	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
 Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106 -108
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	93 -100
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mtg.	1923	99 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	108 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	114 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	111 -113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s.	1927	94 -95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 --
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	99 1/2 -100
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	-- 94
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s.	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec., '99, 8 SA	200	-204
Boatmen's.	100	Dec., '99, 8 1/2 SA	187	-192
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140	-150
Continental.	100	Dec., '99, 8 1/2 SA	172	-173
Fourth National	100	May '99, 5p.c. SA	220	-230
Franklin	100	Dec., '99, 4 SA	156	-159
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	275	-285
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	760	-800
International	100	Apr. 1900 1 1/4 qy	125	-130
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100	-110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	400	-600
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	200	-225
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Mar. 1903, 1 1/4 qy	160	-162
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	135	-155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Apr. 1900, 2 1/4 qy	254	-256
Safe Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	120	-125
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	135	-138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90	-100
State National.	100	Mar. 1900 1 1/4 qy	164	-166
Third National.	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/4 qy	150	-152

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec., '99, S.A.	152	-154
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '00, 2 1/2 qy	294	-297
St. Louis	100	Apr. '00, 1 1/4 qy	200	-202
Union	100	Nov., '98, 5	208	-210
Mercantile	100		252	-254

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Browns Bro.		1 - 4
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s.	J. & J.	1912 101 -103
Citizens'...	Oct. '93 4	100 --
20s 6s.	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s.	M. & N.	2 1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s.	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
do Taylor Ave. 6s.	J. & J.	1913 117 -119
Maryland Trust.		
Mo Laclede Ave. 7s.	July	1900 100 -103
do 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
People's.	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	J. & D.	1912 -- 100
do 2d Mtg. 7s.	M. & N.	1902 -- 100
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 --
do 1st 6s.	J. & J.	1925 --
St. Louis.	Apr 01 1 1/2 SA	130 -150
do 1st 5s 5-20s.	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s.	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		66 -67
do Con. 5s.	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105
do Cable & W.L. 6s.	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 113 -114
do Incomes 5s.		1914 80 -85
Southern 1st 6s.	M. & N.	1904 107 -111
do 2d 25s 6s.		1914 110 -115
do Gen. Mtg. 5s.	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s.	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s.	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	April '00 1 1/4	72 1/2 -73 1/2
" " Com.		22 1/2 -23 1/2
" " 4 p.c. 50c	J & J	89 1/2 -90 1/2
St. Louis Transient		23 -24

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	20	Jan. 1900 4 SA	43	-44

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		12	-13
" Pfd.	100	Mar. 1900 1 1/4 qy	56	-57
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100		16	-17
" Pfd	100	Apr. 1900 1 1/4 qy	65	-66
Bell Telephone	100	Apr 1900 2 qy	138	-141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3	-6
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125	-135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9	-11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 3/4 MO	136	-140
Granite Bl-Metal.	100		285	-290
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	Apr. 1900, 1 qy	92	-100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Fe b., '89, 1	45	-55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103	-107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	101	-104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar., '00, 2 SA	71	-72
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. '99 SA	53	-64
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		18	-20
Mo. Edison com.	100		100	-105
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Apr., '00 1 1/4 qy	80	-90
Schultz Belting	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	240	-245
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb. 1900, 3 1/4 SA	135	-141
Simmons do pfd.	100	Mar., '99 1 1/4 qy	14 1/2	-15
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	27	-28
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	43	-44
St. L. Brew Com.	100	Sept., '94, 4	30	-34
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Dec., '96, 2	1	-2
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Apr. 1900, 1 qy	64	-69
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110	-115
Union Dairy	100	Apr., '00, qy	220	-230
Wiggins Fer. Co.	50	Apr. 1900, 7 1/2	191	-192
Westhaus Brake				

1879-1899. Noel-Young Bond and Stock Co.

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS,
 All Local Securities Bought and Sold.
 Municipal Bonds a Specialty.

No. 304 North Fourth Street. - St. Louis.

lately, and can now be bought at about 87; 87.25 is asked. The preferred stock is steady at 73.25 bid, while the common has weakened some and sold at 23.50; 23.25 is now bid for it. Bond and preferred scrip were actively dealt in, with little change in quotations.

St. Louis & Suburban issues are little affected by the strike troubles and holding steady; 67 is asked for the stock and the 5 per cent bonds are 104 50 bid.

Missouri-Edison issues have been very dull; there has been no sale of either bonds or stocks for several days. Laclede Gas has dropped to 70 and is now selling at about 71 again.

St. Louis bank clearances continue satisfactory. For the month of April they rolled up an increase of about \$5,000,000, compared with April, 1899. Foreign and domestic exchange rates are steady, and funds are in abundant supply.

FROM ST. LOUIS TO THE PACIFIC.

The ancient poet, whose idea of travel was to "take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth," may have dreamed of what the railroad accomplishes to-day. Whether for a business trip or "on pleasure bent" the traveler can leave St. Louis at 9 o'clock in the morning and in 77 hours reach the shores of Puget Sound. Until such time as the aeronauts can guarantee at least equal speed, with safety and comfort, the favorite mode of reaching the Pacific Ocean from this part of the world is sure to be by the "Burlington-Northern Pacific Express," the elegant daily train which went into commission last Sunday.

While many readers of the MIRROR are cogitating where to go for their summer outing, here is a suggestion: take a "flyer" to the Pacific Ocean in a perfectly equipped train, with everything such as one gets in a good hotel. With every comfort and convenience, the 2,000 miles, more or less, of rail-roading will, in itself, be healthful, invigorating and recreative.

The route followed forms a direct northwesterly line, which almost mathematically divides into two equal sections the upper region of the Louisiana Purchase with Idaho, Oregon and Washington. It is not only a scenic route, it is more. It takes the traveler over the territory representing much of the wealth supply of this grand republic. From this city the line traversed bisects Northern Missouri, beyond the Missouri River into Nebraska, across that rich agricultural state to Edgemont, South Dakota, which is the gateway of the Black Hills mining region (which contributes nine million dollars' worth of gold annually to the na-

tion's wealth) thence the northeastern corner of the picturesque Wyoming is bisected with charming views of the Big Horn country, Custer's monument and through the Crow Indian reservation.

At Aberdeen, Montana, with its great cattle ranches, is invaded. The "Wings of the Morning" express affords glimpses of the vast mining enterprises of that grand country of mountain and valley, of gold, silver, copper and coal mines. At Livingston one can take the sixty-mile branch that leads into the world's "Wonderland"—the Yellowstone National Park, or proceed on through beautiful Idaho, through the Coeur d'Alene mining region into Spokane, which is brought, by this route, within sixty-three hours of St. Louis.

Washington with its broad wheat fields, its charming Cascade Mountains, with valleys filled with fine orchards and vineyards and vegetable farms, has such cities as Spokane, Tacoma and Seattle—young giants of life and activity, which promise to be among the world's greatest cities at no far distant date. And so on to the western gateway, Portland, Ore., the terminus of this great trip.

Can you imagine any journey of greater interest for the investor, the home-seeker or the pleasure-seeker? Write at once to Mr. L. W. Wakely, the G. P. A. of the Burlington Route, for maps and descriptive pamphlet and—take the trip.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS.

Col. John D. Hopkins will furnish the strongest bill he has ever prepared to the Police Relief Association management, which has its benefit week at Forest Park Highlands, beginning next Sunday afternoon, May 13. Performances will be given twice a day, in the afternoon and evening, and the grounds are in such shape that a day spent at the Highlands will not come amiss after the long and tedious winter. The attractions include the O'Kabe troupe of Royal Jeddo Japs, twelve in number. This is the largest troupe of jugglers ever appearing in this country, and they will do some remarkable things. Lew Hawkins, the Chesterfield of Minstrelsy, and one of the most popular black-face artists in St. Louis, and a particular favorite with Highlands audiences, will have new fun, new gags and new songs to offer. John Tilles' Royal Marionettes are better than many live entertainers, and Laredo and Blake, comedy acrobats, are thrilling as well as funny. Gallendo will model in clay, his Dewey bust being one of the most perfect images he makes. The Passports are French eccentric character dancers. Lillian Leslie, vocalist, is one of the handsomest women on the stage, as well as a clever singer, and Joseph Adelman, the xylophone artist, is a host in himself. The regular season will open at the Highlands a week from Sunday.

Best watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.

2% PAID ON CURRENT DEPOSITS.

DIRECTORS.

Elmer B. Adams,	August Gehner,	Thomas O'Reilly, M. D.,
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David W. Caruth,	S. E. Hoffman,	Chas. H. Turner,
Charles Clark,	Breckinridge Jones,	J. C. Van Blarcom,
Harrison I. Drummond,	Sam. M. Kennard,	Julius S. Walsh,
Auguste B. Ewing,	Wm. F. Nolker,	Rolla Wells,
David R. Francis,	Wm. D. Orthwein,	Eugene F. Williams.

MUSIC.

THE MORNING CHORAL CONCERT.

With the Concert given at The Odéon Tuesday morning, the Morning Choral Club brought its ninth season to a brilliant close. A new cantata for women's voices, by Solomon Jadassohn entitled "Midsummer day," formed the principal part of the programme.

The composer is one of the most distinguished of contemporary German composers, and is especially renowned as a teacher of harmony and composition, and for his works on various subjects of musical theory.

Jadassohn, though now somewhat advanced in years, shows in this new cantata, no deterioration of musical power or spontaneity. On the contrary, the work is bright, fresh, full of vitality, variety, grace and color. It is written for three part chorus and soprano, mezzo soprano and contralto solos.

The prologue, which is declaimed, tells of a mother and her child, who, on a midsummer day, have wandered into a forest, where, in a cavern full of gold and costly treasures, dwells the spirit of the wood. According to the legend, this spirit gives of his riches to those he finds worthy, but if the glare of gold tempts them to display greed he visits on them his displeasure. The story then further tells in song of the finding of the hidden cave by the mother and child, which the spirit of the wood bids them enter, and invites the mother to take some of the treasures but warns her of covetousness and greed.

The mother fails to heed the warning, and the spirit, in order to punish her, causes the walls of the cavern to close between her and the child. Then is declaimed the description of the grief of the mother, her deeds of charity, and how she, a year later, again on a midsummer day, strays into the forest, mourning for her child. In song she bewails her fate and the spirit of the wood, in recognition of her goodness and charity, causes the walls of the cavern to open and reunites mother and child.

The opening chorus breathes in word and tone of murmuring breezes and leafy woods on a midsummer day and was appreciatively sung by the club. The second chorus, bright and crisp, is in strong contrast, it represents the voices of the mountain spirits and was given in a free, spirited manner. The next chorus is full of feeling and the final chorus devotional in character. The work of the club throughout, with the exception of a slight lack of precision in the beginning, was of the highest order. Mr. Kroeger, the conductor, showed a fine appreciation of the niceties of the composer's work and the chorus, being composed of good voices and having been carefully drilled, was most pliable, and responded to his beat with promptness and shaded and phrased as he dictated. The soloists were Miss MacClanahan, Mrs. Bollman, and Mrs. McCandless. The part of the mother, sung by Mrs. Bollman, is full of dramatic expression and the music is admirably adapted to her beautiful, ringing voice. This singer is gifted with a phenomenal natural organ, and should be heard oftener in concert; in this music she appeared to greater advantage than I have heard her in years. Miss MacClanahan, as the child, had comparatively little to do. The music allotted to the soprano, however, is charmingly natural and naive, and goes well with the simplicity, the naivete, of the

comely young singer's delivery. Mrs. McCandless was most impressive in the mysterious music given to the spirit of the wood.

The spoken parts were declaimed by Mrs. Halsey Ives. A trio, composed of Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Wall and Mrs. Little, did good work in short solo passages, Mrs. Little's deep, rich chest tones being particularly effective.

The first part of the programme consisted of organ solos by Charles Galloway, soprano solos by Miss MacClanahan and a group of songs by Mrs. Bollman.

Of Mr. Galloway's work it is impossible to speak, as only disjointed musical sentences were audible. The noisy chatter, rustling of skirts and banging of seats turned the Odéon into a modern Babel for the time being, and apparently so disturbed Mr. Galloway that he cut short his part of the programme, and hastened from the organ. It seems impossible that a body of seemingly intelligent, well-bred women could intentionally offer a serious, painstaking artist so flagrant an insult, so, to be charitable, I ascribe the extraordinary behavior of the larger part of the audience to thoughtlessness, though it well merits a stronger term.

Miss MacClanahan enthused the audience by her artistic work in a beautiful May song by Hiller and a well worn aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," and gave in response to persistent demand, Nevin's "Rosary." She has a warm, elastic voice, peculiarly full and rich in the middle register and of pristine purity in the upper tones. In her singing, though artistic, Miss MacClanahan is not always convincing, and shows more intellect than temperament. Mrs. Bollman's songs were well contrasted, though the banal "Swallows" of Cowen seems to have little excuse for being placed on any programme. Mrs. Bollman also being enthusiastically recalled sang Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine blume," as an encore.

Miss Pettingill at the piano and Mr. Galloway at the organ were of valuable aid to the singers. It was an ideal May day a regular "Morning Choral morning" and the large, well-gowned audience thoroughly enjoyed the fine programme.

A hint to the Odeon Management: Shades on the windows would greatly improve the hall for matinee performances. On Tuesday the glare was almost blinding and a softer light is desirable for comfort as well as for the general effect.

THE VAN STUDDIFORD CONCERT.

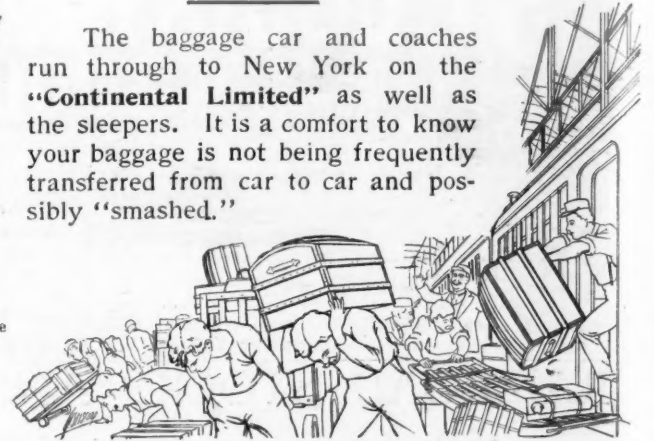
Mrs. Charles Van Studdiford celebrates the expiration of the contract which bound her to the D'Angelis management, by giving a concert at the Odeon on Tuesday evening of next week. This iron-clad contract was drawn up in such a way that the pearly-voiced soprano could not appear in public, either in concert or opera, excepting with the D'Angelis Opera Company or with the consent of the management. Mrs. Van Studdiford, since her retirement from the D'Angelis Company, has received several tempting offers for operatic and concert work, but has been obliged to decline them, as, in spite of repeated appeals, D'Angelis steadily refused to allow her to sing except with the organization of which he is the star. Now, however, the time for which the contract held good has expired and Mrs. Van Studdiford will be heard for the first time here since her appearance in "The Jolly Musketeer," at the Olympic Theatre, last January. The concert is given under the patronage of a number of prominent



Wabash Ticket Office
Broadway and Olive
S. E. Cor.

Through Baggage

The baggage car and coaches run through to New York on the "Continental Limited" as well as the sleepers. It is a comfort to know your baggage is not being frequently transferred from car to car and possibly "smashed."



society women, and promises to be a brilliant social event, as well as unusually attractive in a musical way. Mrs. Van Studdiford will sing a group of "Rose songs," a new waltz, by Luckstone, and the beautiful aria, sung by Micaela, in "Carmen." Charles Humphrey, tenor, George Vieh, pianist, and other well known musicians, will also appear on this programme.

A concert of unusual merit will be given at the Odéon Friday evening, May 18, when Alexander Petschnikoff, violinist; Mark Humbourg, pianist, and Aimé Lachaume, accompanist, will appear in a programme made up of the best and favorite selections from their large repertoires. These artists are looked upon as among the greatest in the world, and are returning from a successful tour to the Pacific Coast. Petschnikoff will be remembered as the little blond fiddler whose delicate tones at the Apollo Club concert last November first proved the wonderful acoustic properties of the Odeon. Hamburg has never been heard in St. Louis. He is said to be a second Rubinstein. Everywhere he has played he has achieved a triumph. Lachaume is the quiet, unassuming musician who affords the back ground against which the genius of his fellow artists gleams like stars in the night.

"HUYLER'S."

Huyler's candy store, at No. 716 Olive street, is the latest addition to the series of beautiful stores,—a score of them there are in the principal cities of the United States. As for the candies and chocolates made by this famous house nothing can be said that would be too complimentary. Their praise is pronounced by all who have eaten them from the North Pole to the Philippines. Indeed, Huyler's is the standard of excellence in confectionery, and by it the best of all other kinds are graded. That the St. Louis Huyler's will be a great success goes without saying.

The American Burlesquers are holding the boards at the Standard this week, and they are presenting some of the best novelties of the season. The Parisian feature, Nudine, introducing young ladies painted in bronze, is said to be more than ordinarily attractive, and is quoted as "the real article." Then there are the Sisters Monroe, Scanlon and Stevens, Miss Mildred Murray and the Spencer brothers. Next week, commencing with the matinee Sunday, Cliff W. Grant's "Little Egypt Big Burlesque Co." will be the attraction, and it is surely bound to attract.

DRINK TO THE HEALTH

Of the gallant sailor (whose "gun play" in Manila Bay has become a historical fact) in a tankard of



TRADE MARK

Burton Stock Ale

"RED LION BRAND."

Its amber color, capped by a crown of creamy foam, makes a picture good to look upon; its taste—ah! that joys the heart and tickles the palate.

If your grocer or liquor dealer cannot supply you telephone brewery direct, Kinloch D 1344.

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ODEON.

GRAND CONCERT

—BY—

MRS. CHAS. VAN STUDDIFORD

Assisted by Well-Known Artists,

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 8th.

Tickets at Bollman Bros'.

"Can you understand anything your baby says, Mrs. Tibbs?" "No; but Bobby understands the baby, and Johnny understands Bobby, so we get along very nicely.—*Indianapolis Journal.*"

Music by Weil's band, two concerts daily, flowers 10:30 to 11:30 and 3:30 to 4:30 at Mermod & Jaccard's grand anniversary celebration, Broadway and Locust.

DAD'S STRENGTHENING DETS

WHAT IS A DET?

A Det is a TINY RED PILL, made ONLY by the DAD CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK. It has peculiar properties. It not only causes the Stomach and Liver to do their proper duty, but it also tones the heart and nerves, and strengthens the whole system—hence, it is

AN ABSOLUTE SPECIFIC

FOR

COLDS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION,
AND SHATTERED NERVES.

25 Cents a Bottle.

At Druggists.

MUSIC CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Mr. Homer Moore's article on "Music Critics and Criticism," in last Thursday's MIRROR, sounds a timely note of warning against the self-appointed, would-be musical critic, who, it seems, is rampant in St. Louis musical circles, though he is, after all, an ubiquitous creature, and his badge of ignorance and blind prejudice protects him wherever he is found.

It seems to me that Mr. Moore strikes the keynote when he says that "criticism to be worthy of toleration must first of all be helpful." It is a source of wonder to me how people with a modicum of knowledge, and a large amount of conceit, presume to point out the defects and say never a word in praise of that which is good in a performance. Are we all "built that way"—to see the bad instead of the good in human effort? It is rarely indeed that a musical performance should be altogether condemned. It is amusing to overhear a critic, who fondly imagines himself so firmly planted on his own little pedestal that no criticism can reach him, stooping to condemn the aspiring effort of some less forward individual, in blissful ignorance that another self-constituted critic has unmercifully scored the weak spots in his own recent performance. None escapes. The finished artist must suffer in common with the immature amateur from these vandals.

To hear ourselves as others hear us, would make us more tolerant of the artistic shortcomings of our fellow-artists or students, as the case may be. When I sit in judgment, which I do in all humility, knowing how

hard I have been sat upon, I endeavor first to discover all the good points, then the errors as they appear to me, though I do not accept my own judgment as infallible, and how I would go about to correct them if I were the performer. I find this method of great benefit to myself, and it does not injure the person criticized.

Unfortunately, it is not given to the children of men to sing or play like angels. "When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young," before she hung her lyre upon an apple-tree and brought discord into the world, soft strains of angelic sweetness floated o'er the Garden of Eden, filling the soul of Adam with rapture unspeakable. It is the echo of that exquisite music in our souls to-day, which creates for us that ideal of perfection which we are all striving and listening for. But since we may not, even the most gifted, quite reach the goal, let us do what we can to help and encourage others to climb with us the steep and rugged way which leads to success! R. W. F.

St. Louis, April 29th, 1900.

SHORT LINE TO PORTLAND.

The Union Pacific Railroad's new train service makes 69 hours, St. Louis to Portland. No other route can make this time. Office 903 Olive street.

The Lincoln Trust Co., Seventh and Chestnut streets, has the finest appointed offices for the transaction of business in their line,—utility, beauty, safety. The ladies are especially invited to place their deposits in this institution. A special window is provided for their accommodation.

A BOX OF FLOWERS.

EXEMPLIFYING MALE CHARACTER.

What She Said When She Received Them.

"A box of flowers from Tom! How sweet of him! But then, Tom is such a dear boy. There are no others quite as nice! He comes nearer the Ideal Man than any of his sex that I have ever met. Such refined, ennobling ideas—sentiments tender as a woman's—motives so lofty and ennobling as to place him head and shoulders over his sex!

"What gorgeous roses! Ah, Tom is so generous! And giant mignonette, and hyacinth, and those dear pansies! Some men—most men—would simply order one a dozen roses or a box of violets, and never try to arrange a bouquet that positively speaks to one! It is only since Tom began to send me flowers that I have learned to know the language of flowers. Let me see.

"These great roses are ardent admiration; the mignonette, tender affection; the hyacinth, worship and reverence; the pansies, thoughts; and here are some of those darling Marguerites—love!

"What man but Tom would ever conceive such an idea? It is simply perfect! And I must put them in a vase, and when he calls I shall have to seem unconscious of the beautiful message that he has sent in such a charming way. Dear, dear Tom! Among the crowd of money-worshippers that are around me it is sweet to think of one soul so strong, so pure, so grand!"

What He Said When He Ordered Them.

"Hello! Got any bargains in flowers to-

day? No? Well, make up a ten-dollar box for Miss Gotrox, and send it to her. Right away? No. Your regular delivery will do. Remember, ten dollars is the limit! And look here, mix'em up well. Not more than ten, recollect; and mix'em.

"And say—how are your American Beauties selling to-day? Twenty a dozen? And the orchids? Five each? Well, send a dozen Beauties and a dozen orchids up to Tottie Tightlets, at the Gayboy Music Hall, and put a few yards of wide ribbon on 'em—understand? Miss Tightlets said she fed every other kind of flowers to her horse.

"Delivery wagon? Not on your life! Messenger boy to the stage door. Give him a dollar to hurry and charge it to me. See?"

—Town Topics.

SUGGESTIVE OF SPRING.

In these glowing days of Spring the householder's fancy, lightly, or otherwise, turns to thoughts of paint. It is not absolutely necessary that one should employ a painter to do the work of ordinary interior renovation, for good paint, ready to use, is sold in cans. The Mound City Paint and Color Company make a specialty of household paints, their "Red Horse-Shoe" brand is strictly pure, goes farther, lasts longer and is cheaper than other kinds, and their "Gregg Varnishes" are the best for all purposes. If you want reliable goods insist on getting Mound City Paint & Color Co's paints and varnishes.

He.—Don't you smell rubber burning?

She.—Yes; it's papa in the next room. He's getting hot under the collar.—Yonkers Statesman.

INSULTED BY A COMPLIMENT.

According to the London *Telegraph*, all Paris has been laughing over the "Radolin incident," as it is called, which resulted from the serious interpretation which Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador to Russia, put on what was nothing more than a neatly turned compliment. At the last court ball given at St. Petersburg, the brilliant company was about to betake itself to the supper-room, and the Grand Duke Vladimir offered his arm to a lady who was seated near him for the purpose of escorting her to one of the little tables which had been reserved for him. She was very sorry, she replied, but she was already engaged to a member of the German embassy, whereupon the prince gallantry remarked, "What a nuisance those German diplomatists are!" This was nothing but a neatly turned compliment, simply implying that he had been deprived of a great pleasure by a Teutonic rival, and as such it was naturally taken by the lady for whose ears alone it was intended. Somebody, however, who was standing by, and who had probably overheard only half of the brief conversation, told a neighbor that the Grand Duke Vladimir had been speaking evil of German diplomatists. What could this portend? Were terrible complications imminent? Finally, the prince's words were repeated to the German Ambassador, possibly with embellishments, and being evidently without any real comprehension of the circumstances under which they had been uttered, as he must be too much a man of the world to have taken umbrage under other conditions at what was simply a pretty speech. However, Prince Radolin committed the absurdity of making a formal complaint to the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who fired up and administered a very sharp rebuke, saying that she was no longer a German, but was a Russian princess. Still, to all appearance quite in the dark as to the true facts of the case, the German Ambassador now betook himself to Count Muravieff, to whom he confided the whole adventure. Count Muravieff, as may readily be believed, being thoroughly behind the scenes, had little difficulty in enlightening Prince Radolin as to the real circumstances under which the pretty speech which had so innocently led to a diplomatic incident had been uttered, and when he wound up by advising the German Ambassador to apologize to the grand duchess, Prince Radolin, perceiving that he had got himself into a serious scrape, consented to adopt this course as the best way out of a very unpleasant situation. But Count Muravieff and Prince Radolin had both reckoned without the Grand Duchess Vladimir. The princess, thoroughly nettled, not only declined to receive the visit of the German ambassador, but indignantly proclaimed her determination to have nothing more to do with him, and to remain away from any party at which he might be a guest. This, in fact, was a declaration of war to the knife against the unlucky German ambassador, who must, moreover, have been particularly chagrined at the fact that a dinner-party at the French embassy, of all others, soon supplied the irate princess with the desired opportunity of carrying out her resolution, and of showing the world that she would not meet him. She alone among the grand duchesses was absent from this function, which was further graced by the presence of the Czar and Czarina. The Grand Duchess Vladimir left St. Petersburg a day or two later on a visit of a few weeks

to Paris, and people are asking whether on her return to Russia she will find Prince Radolin still installed at the German embassy.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

When a young girl tells me that she is going to Paris, alone and with little money, to study music, I tremble. I know what it means. I do not care if she has the making of a real artist. If she is pretty, so much the worse, for the temptations in her pathway will be doubled. If she has no mother, brother, or constant chaperone to attend her wherever she goes, her struggle will be a very bitter one. I do not hesitate to affirm that to send a poor girl to Paris alone to cultivate her voice is nothing short of a crime. "What's the use?" said an impresario to me one day, when I brought to him an American girl who had a magnificent voice, hoping that he would interest himself in her welfare. "There are plenty of American girls over here whose frocks are lined with thousand-franc notes. Why, your candidate is so poor that she is actually dowdy in her last year's gown!" And this with an inflection that implied a crime on the applicant's part. He would not even try her voice.

Now another case in point, of the opposite nature. An American girl of great wealth was flattered into the belief that she had a phenomenal voice and that she must go to Paris to cultivate it. Her mother accompanied her thither, and together they went the rounds of the musical professors. Some of the better ones would not undertake the girl's musical education at any price, while others were willing—at a price.

But before very long the inevitable arose when there came complaints of lack of application and of mingling work with dissipation; and when the daughter of millions was spoken to sharply during a lesson, the mother took exception and hurried her daughter away in high dudgeon to another professor. After three years of Parisian life the applicant has made no particular progress, while the good husband and father has been pining away with a broken heart in his native city, his home broken up, and only failure in store for his child.—*Madam Nevada in The Saturday Evening Post.*

Exquisite Tiffany glass vases in iridescent and opalescent effects, are the latest fad. A beautiful line of them just received at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

THE ONLY EVARTS.

Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth: the pillars of the Constitution!"

Objections had been filed with the Judiciary Committee to the confirmation of a nomination on account of the dissolute habits of the appointee.

When the case came up for consideration the chairman called for the affidavits. The clerk produced a number from the files. Consulting his docket, Mr. Edmunds thought there were more, and others were found. A search disclosed another batch that had been overlooked.

"The papers in this case," said Mr. Evarts, "appear to be more dissipated, if possible, than the candidate!"

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes, 10c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 323a

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From St. Michael To Manila, 11,974 Miles.

And the Stars and Stripes affording protection to American commerce all the way.

See the new "Round the World" folder of the New York Central lines, just out.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

To a lady who expressed surprise that one of such slender frame and fragile physique could endure so many feasts with their varying viands and different wines, he replied that it was not so much the different wines that gave him trouble as the indifferent ones.

President Hayes was a total abstainer—at home. Scoffers said he only drank the "O. P. brands." His State dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station!"

Rising to address informally the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, he began: "You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey."—*J. J. Ingalls, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Chronic Dyspeptic (also bore).—I am actually reduced to a walking skeleton, and—

Heartless Man.—That so? Why don't you ride!

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A HIGH-CLASS OYSTER HOUSE AND RESTAURANT, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS MILFORD'S, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN AND TWO HUNDRED AND NINE NORTH SIXTH STREET, NEAR OLIVE.

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The Pepsin Cocktails.

Original Blend of High-Grade Liqueurs, "The Very Pink of Perfection." Formula by John Bloeser, the world's originator of bottled Cocktails and Punches. THE BRANDS THAT HAVE WON FAME: Mayflower, Manhattan, Martini, English Gin, Private, Backbone, Pearl Lemon Punch and Peach Punch. (Assorted as per order.) Ask your grocer for them, or send to us direct. Case of 4 bottles, \$4.75; Single bottles, \$1.25. Delivered free. Mail orders given prompt attention.

Bloeser Supply Co., 418 Olive St., ST. LOUIS.

NEW BOOKS!

Sweepers of the Sea (Wetmore), \$1.15; Feo (Max Pemberton), \$1.20; Pa's As It Is (De Forest), \$1.25; The Alabaster Box (Besant), \$1.20; The Action and the World (Matthews), \$1.20; The Conspirators (Chambers), \$1.20. A full line of new classic, standard and miscellaneous books at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Malt-Nutrine

Helpful to Nervous People.

Malt-Nutrine is especially adapted to sufferers from nervousness. It soothes the nerves and induces restful slumber. Nursing mothers and persons recovering from fever will gain greatly in strength and vigor by taking Malt-Nutrine—the Food Drink. It is the one malt tonic that is the strictly pure extract of malt. Malt-Nutrine is prepared by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assn., which fact guarantees the purity, excellence and merit claimed for it.

"ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE,"

CRAWFORD'S,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

The Big Store St. Louis' Economical Trading Center.

Here are Money-Saving Opportunities in Extraordinary Bargain Offerings. Every section of our store overflows with Values of Most Unusual Character. Every Department offers HIGH-GRADE MERCHANDISE at Prices that Show Master Strokes of Superior Merchandising.

Fashionable Millinery.

On view this week a charming collection of new creations in Hats and Bonnets. Exclusive designs and dainty effects. Each a masterpiece of the designers' and milliners' art, showing that style and beauty that makes Crawford's millinery appreciated by every woman.

Specially Attractive Prices.

TRIMMED HATS.

- A handsomely trimmed fine Straw Hat, with Silk Mousseline de Soie and elegant flowers, the equal of any \$3.98 in the city for.....\$1 98
- A beautiful Sewed Straw Hat, on wire frame, chiffon lace and silk garniture, with good quality flowers, a regular \$4.98 Hat, this week for.....\$2 98
- Handsome Leghorn Hats, trimmed in an artistic manner, and really swell and worth \$7.00; special this week for.....\$3 98
- White Leghorn Hats, trimmed with handsome ostrich feathers and white chiffon, French roses; a \$9 50 Hat, this week for.....\$4.50

UNTRIMMED HATS.

- Straw Turbans, all kinds and colors, \$1.50 \$1 25, 75c and.....48c
- Short-Back Sailors, with tam crowns, something new, at.....79c

CHILDREN'S TRIMMED HATS.

- Elegant line Misses' Ready-to-Wear Hats, all colors.....\$1 00
- Children's Trimmed Hats, all colors.....59c

A SWEEPING MARK-DOWN IN

Colored Dress Goods.

A big surplus stock that must be reduced. Many prices cut in Halves. This means bargains for you. Bargains that are Bargains!

- 12½c for 32-inch Fine French Batiste, white and colored grounds, with figures and stripes, regular 25c value.
- 25c for 38-inch Two-Tone Covert Cloth, new spring colorings, best value in St. Louis, made to sell for 50c.
- 39c for new Basket Weave Checks for Skirts, special value worth 50c.
- 59c for 54-inch all Pure Wool Ladies' Cloth, broadcloth finish, 25 shades to select from, worth 75c.
- 69c for 50-inch French Two-Tone Whipcord Suiting, every thread wool. These goods cost 97½c to import, and are well worth \$1 25.
- 89c for 56-inch Genuine Scotch Homespun for tailor suits and separate skirts, best value ever offered, worth \$1 39.
- \$1.25 and \$1 39 for two lines of 54-inch French Broadcloth and Venetian Cloth, all the popular colorings, these goods are well worth \$1.75.

A SALE OF VAST IMPORTANCE IN WOMEN'S SUITS.

The entire made-up stock of a leading New York maker. Prices quoted are simply marvelous not one-quarter of their value. Don't miss your opportunity, go straight to Crawford's Suit Department.

For \$3.98—Lot 1—125 Ladies' Suits, made of homespun Venetian cloths and Thibets; colors, tan, red, gray, blue and mixed cloths; our price \$3 98; manufacturer's price \$10.00 to \$13.50.

For \$4.98—Lot 2—75 Ladies' Suits. These Suits are made of fine covert cloths, serges, Venetian and homespun; colors, gray, tan, black, brown and reds, our price \$4.98; manufacturer's prices \$13.75 and \$18.50.

For \$7.50—Lot 3—125 Ladies' Very Fine Suits, some silk-lined, others with silk-lined jackets. These suits come in all the best quality of broadcloths, homespun, covert and chevots; colors, blue, tan, gray and black; our price \$7 50; manufacturer's prices \$19.00 to \$22 50.

For \$10 50—Lot 5—115 Ladies' Suits. This lot has all the finest grade of covert cloth, chevots, broadcloth, checks and mixed cloths, some appliqued, some handsomely braided, some come with fancy silk lining, some plain silk lining; our price \$10 50; manufacturer's prices \$28 00 to \$32 50.

For \$12.98—Lot 6—95 Ladies' Suits, all man-tailored, some handsomely appliqued, some braided, others plain tailor-made, elegantly silk-lined, our price \$12.98; manufacturer's prices \$35.00 to \$37.50.

For \$4.68—Tremendous Mark-Down in Silk Petticoats. Ladies' fine Taffeta Silk Petticoats, handsomely made, with two ruffles; colors, lavender, red, heliotrope; a regular \$6.75 skirt; special price \$4.68.

For \$7.50—Ladies' extra quality Taffeta Silk Petticoats, made five ruffles, a regular \$10.75 Skirt; special price \$7.50; colors, red, lavender, turquoise, blue and heliotrope.

For \$1.25—Specials in Waists—Ladies' very stylish White Lawn Waists, trimmed with two rows of fine insertion, French back; special price \$1.25.

For \$2 75—Ladies' Very Pretty Handkerchief Waists—come in figured Dimity and India Lawn. These Waists are made in all the leading shades; special price \$2.75.

For \$5 00—Ladies' Taffeta Silk Waists, tucked French back and dress sleeves; special price \$5.00; regular \$6.75 Waist.

Matchless Bargains in

HANDKERCHIEF DEPARTMENT.

- 1,000 dozen Dewey Handkerchiefs, plain white and colored border, hemstitched, ladies', gents' and children's, at.....5c, 7½c and 10c each
- 500 dozen Fine Val. Lace Handkerchiefs at 15c and 25c each; real value is 25c and 35c each.

A GREAT HIT.

SILKS

AT LESS THAN COST.

This is one of the best things we ever offered, and will be the best week of the season.

BLACK SILKS.

- 24-inch Swiss Taffeta, black only, \$1 19 quality, for.....85c
- 28-in Double Warp Jap Silks, black only, \$1 20 quality, for.....85c
- Perspiration-Proof Black Silk, it is one of the best silks for light summer wear, it will not change color by perspiration, yd.....\$1.00

COLORED SILKS.

- Special sale of Wash Silks, corded, striped, in all the leading shades, and worth 50c yard.....35c
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- Hemstitched Taffeta that have sold all season at \$1 00 yard, on sale, in all colors, including white, this week.....75c
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- An odd lot of fine Zephyr Gingham in plaids and stripes, a quality we have been selling at 15c, will close out the lot this week, per yard.....7½c
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